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# LIFE'S SEVEN AGES.

## A Novel.

BY

MRS. HIBBERT-WARE,

AUTHOR OF

'THE KING OF BATH; OR, THE DAYS OF BEAU NASH,' 'DR. HARCOURT'S ASSISTANT,' 'THE HUNLOCK TITLE DEEDS,' ETC.

'And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being Seven Ages.'

AS YOU LIKE IT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

## PART V.—*Continued.*


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| XX. | THE NOCTURNAL VISITORS | 1 |
| XXI. | THE FOX-HUNTERS | 22 |
| XXII. | JONATHAN'S OLIVE BRANCHES | 38 |
| XXIII. | BRIMHAM ROCKS | 48 |
| XXIV. | WHIGS AND TORIES | 61 |
| XXV. | AT LANCASTER | 83 |
| XXVI. | IN LANCASTER CASTLE | 100 |
| XXVII. | THE FUGITIVE | 118 |
| XXVIII. | THE ESCAPE | 126 |


## PART VI.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| XXIX. | 'AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS' | 136 |
| XXX. | 'THE FAIR HEBE' AGAIN | 156 |
| XXXI. | THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF | 167 |
| XXXII. | A TRIP TO SCARBORO' | 179 |
| XXXIII. | 'HAPPY IS THE WOOING THAT ISN'T LONG A-DOING' | 203 |

CHAPTER PAGE

XXXIV. 'ZOOKS! CAN'T AN OLD MAN HAVE A YOUNG CHICKEN?' - - - - 216

XXXV. THE CENTENARIAN - - 239

XXXVI. THE BALL AT THE QUEEN - - - 257

XXXVII. 'WILL HE EVER DIE?' - - - 273

## PART VII.

XXXVIII. FINIS - - - - - 284

# LIFE'S SEVEN AGES.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE NOCTURNAL VISITORS.

THE echoes of the chorus of the Jacobite song had not yet died away, and the refrain of 'Killamy, keeton, keeton, O,' yet disturbed the ears of the alderman in the Tapestry Room above, when the door of the dining-parlour opened wide, and a gentleman, clad in a dark, sober-coloured riding suit, entered the room. There were scattered snowflakes on his cloak, and on the hat, which he held in his hand, and which was destitute of either feather or band, or other ornament. He stood

gazing in surprise, mingled apparently with some concern, at the scene before him.

Jonathan sat still at the end of the table; but of all his other guests none, save Clifton, one other gentleman, and the two lads, Henry and Charles, retained their seats. The high-backed chairs were pushed from the table, and where, alas! were their occupants? Scattered about on the floor, where the new-comer could see them, lying in anything but graceful attitudes.

Even Jonathan himself had not been quite as temperate as was his wont; there was a little unsteadiness as he rose from his chair, and an over great buoyancy in his manner, as he shouted out, adapting his speech to Quaker phraseology:

'Welcome, welcome, Friend William Broomfield! I expected thee early this forenoon. I had letters yesterday from Master Simon Harcourt and other friends of the good cause in London. But welcome, thrice welcome, Friend Broomfield!' exclaimed Hartop, trying with an unsteady hand to reach a flagon near him; 'I'll pledge thee in a goblet of good Rhenish!'

'Nay, Friend Hartop,' replied the newcomer, as he advanced towards the table; 'I fear that thou and thy friends have taken too many goblets as it is; thou hast guessed, I perceive, who I am, for 'tis many years since I saw thee in Spring Gardens.'

'Why, so 'tis, so 'tis,' replied Jonathan, relapsing suddenly into his chair, possibly from a disinclination to stand any longer for fear of his legs playing him false. 'Thou art little changed, Friend Broomfield,' he added; 'but I—well, I think I have rather altered with years.'

Here Jonathan spoke the truth; time had made more alterations in his form than in that of the Quaker. Jonathan had grown somewhat stout; there was a certain rotundity of shape which verified the poet's words, 'And then the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lined.' Still, the quotation was not quite applicable to Jonathan, for he had resigned his office of justice of the peace upon a very frivolous pretext, so soon as the Dutch king began his reign.

''Pon honour,' exclaimed Clifton, who

had been surveying Friend Broomfield very intently, 'he must have a white soul, like the glorious saint, Queen Mary.'

Esquire Armytage, the gentleman who still retained his seat, giving utterance to a tipsy laugh as he spoke, cried :

'Zounds! I thought 'twas Hogan Mogan himself, with his hat cocked on in church. I swear I did.'

'Swear not at all, friend,' said Broomfield, in a reproving tone, as he took a seat beside Jonathan ; 'I am in great concern,' he added, addressing the latter, 'to find thee revelling and drinking at a time when danger threatens thee and thine household. And thy friends here—to what a state are they reduced? Truly, excess and the enemy have prevailed over them.'

And Broomfield surveyed, with an air of mingled sorrow and anger, the prostrate forms of the sleeping squires.

'Vanquished—all vanquished,' replied Clifton, with an imbecile smile ; 'bound in the bonds of Bacchus.'

'Take heed, friend, that they and thou be not bound in other bonds before morning,' said Broomfield. 'I have come from

our friends in London to confer with thee and our other friends here, Friend Hartop, on that important affair thou knowest of; but 'tis useless to speak of that now. But I must warn thee of thy danger. On my way here, as I passed through Knaresboro', I saw a party of Dutch troopers under the command of that wicked, heady, and contentious Captain Baker, and I heard what led me to suppose, that they intend paying a visit to Hartop Park to-night; so 'twill be well, Friend Hartop, to secrete all papers that may endanger those concerned in the cause of Friend James.'

'Dutch troopers, didst say?' replied Jonathan, with an air of great contempt. 'Let 'em come. I'll slice their heads off like that.'

And, catching up a knife, he cut through one of the candles, the severed pieces falling into Clifton's goblet.

'Aye, let 'em come,' chimed in Clifton. 'We are Englishmen, and must, like good patriots, stand by our country, and not suffer it to become tributary to strangers. What care we for the Dutch dogs! Let Hogan Mogan come himself; we'll give

him a warm welcome. Let us drink to the destruction of the rotten Orange.'

And, with unsteady hand, Clifton, first ejecting the candle, was about to replenish his goblet, when Broomfield stayed his arm, exclaiming, in a severe tone:

'Friend, would'st leave what little sense thou hast left at the bottom of the wine stoup? I am in travail of spirit for thee; drink no more to-night. This is a time when wisdom and counsel should be with us.'

At this moment Joan entered the room, followed by a servant, who had informed her of the arrival of Friend Broomfield. She greeted the Quaker with her usual kindness and affability, and begged him to accompany her to another room, where he might partake of some refreshment. Broomfield, finding that it was impossible to make either Jonathan, Clifton, or the other esquires understand what he had to tell them, acceded to Madam Hartop's wish. The latter, having seen a comfortable supper spread before him, returned to the dining parlour, and summoned two or three stout serving-men, who bore off the

unconscious forms of the snoring esquires to their respective chambers. Joan then succeeded in inducing her husband and his two friends to retire; but, as they mounted the grand staircase, Alderman Tichburn was roused out of his first sleep, to his disgust and rage, by their shouting out a stave of their favourite song—

'What's the rhyme for porringer?'

When the stable clock struck ten, all was still and silent in the old Manor House, for early hours were kept at that time, at least in the country.. Without, the wind howled in fitful gusts, and swept the half-frozen snowflakes against the casement; but in the sleeping apartment occupied by Squire Hartop and his wife, there was no sound but the crackling of the logs in the stove, and the unpoetical snoring of the esquire. Joan's light footfall fell noiselessly on the carpet of Turkey work, as she crossed the room, still wearing her rich robe of blue satin, for she had as yet no idea of going to rest. She was too anxious and troubled by the information she had received from the Quaker, respecting the probable visit

of the Dutch troopers, to think of doing so.

When she had reached the casement, she softly drew back the curtains of red and yellow say, and looked anxiously out into the darkness of the night, to see if she could discover any sign of the approach of the unwelcome visitors, but as yet there was none.

Joan was not alarmed without a cause, for she had heard enough of these domiciliary visits to inspire her with the gravest fears for her husband's safety.

Strange it was, that the English people, proud as they were of their might and power, and jealous as they professed to be of their liberties, should have bowed themselves down, as they did, before the footstool of a foreign prince, should have tamely submitted to the indignity of seeing bands of Dutch troopers riding rough-shod over the kingdom, accompanied by king's messengers and the vilest of informers, empowered to break into private houses, arrest and carry the inmates to prison, search for and seize their papers and letters, and, in the unrestrained execution of their odious

office, commit any act of violence, oppression, and even robbery.

To understand how such proceedings came to be enacted, it will be necessary to take a short review of recent events.

Five years and more had elapsed since the imprudent, but more unfortunate James had been driven from his throne by the treachery of his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, whose object, for at least two years previously, had been the acquisition of the English crown, which, as long as James remained in the realm, could not be accomplished without the death or incarceration of the latter. Aided in his designs as the prince was, by the unnatural daughters of the dethroned monarch, and the dishonourable defection of the chief leading men of the day, it was impossible but that William should be enabled to gratify his ambition.

Scarcely had William and Mary been seated on the throne of her father, when England became distracted with domestic dissensions. William was wholly engrossed by the affairs and wars of the Continent. The people were irritated by the heavy

burden of taxes, and distressed in their trade. To awe the partisans of James, feigned plots to murder William and restore the former to his throne were trumped up by the Government, and so many persons of character and distinction were imprisoned upon the slightest suspicion, that the discontented part of the nation had some reason to insinuate that they had only exchanged one tyrant for another.*

The kingdom then became divided into Williamites, Jacobites, and discontented Revolutionists.

Vice, corruption, and immorality overran the land, while public virtue became the object of ridicule. The leading statesmen, though men of talent and superior abilities, were devoid of all principle, sought office only for the lust of gain, and cared for nothing so long as they could fill their purses. William's own opinion of them was, that their services, like those of a valet, could be bought by the highest bidder. To add to the disgraces of this reign, the ermine was not pure, judges were partial, and the

* Smollett, at the date 1692.

Government was intensely severe in carrying into effect the unjust sentences of the Courts.

The Jacobites did not fail to declaim loudly against all these evils, and especially against the vindictive spirit of the administration, and tax it with encouraging informers and false witnesses—a charge, says Smollett, for which there was too much foundation.

It was then that numbers, in both kingdoms, began to wait impatiently for an opportunity to declare in favour of the exiled monarch, who was punctually informed, through Quaker Bramwell and other zealous Jacobites, of all that was being done and of the growing discontent; and when the death of Queen Mary occurred, the hopes of the friends of James were raised, and they now renewed their practices for effecting his restoration, on the supposition that the interest of William was considerably weakened by the demise of his consort, and accordingly, in the beginning of February, the Duke of Berwick repaired privately to England, where he conferred with some of the leading Jacobites, and dis-

cussed the question of providing arms and men to aid James when he should make a descent upon the kingdom.

The Government of William had gained some intimation of these designs, and hence the domiciliary visits of Dutch troopers.

This was the mode of proceeding against obnoxious gentlemen. Blank warrants were issued by the Secretary of State, and filled up occasionally, as the informers suggested; the warrants were then delivered to the solicitor of the Treasury, who sent out king's messengers and troopers to the dwelling-houses of the suspected persons.

Joan had been standing at the window for about twenty minutes, when her quick ear caught the first faint sounds of horses' hoofs in the distance. She heard them advance up the avenue, cross the stone bridge over the moat, and then strike loudly at the outer door.

The young Roger of former days chanced to be in the house that night, and he had taken upon himself the office of porter. Joan's task was to arouse her husband, and apprise him of what was about to take place. Fortunately, Jonathan, though ex-

hilarated, was by no means very intoxicated when he went to bed; he had also had some sleep, and when his wife fully succeeded in arousing him, and communicated the news of the arrival of the Dutch troopers, the intelligence quite sobered him.

He at once sprung out of bed, slipped his feet into his slippers, cocked his night-cap on one side his head, in as defiant a fashion as he had done his military hat in those past days in the camp at Blackheath, slipped on a grey woollen cloth night-gown, and with his sword under his arm, stalked out of his room to meet the troopers, who, having gained admission, were heard ascending the oaken staircase.

Jonathan confronted them on the landing —a set of thorough-paced, stolid-looking Dutchmen, with broad round faces and heavy jaws, wrapped in blue cloaks, and carrying each a case of pistols. They were headed by an officer in the British uniform. Jonathan was not alone on the landing, for two other doors in the corridor had opened, and there had issued forth, from their respective sleeping apartments, Will

Clifton, wrapped in a silk nightgown, and wearing his Flemish beaver, cocked fiercely over his eyebrows; and Broomfield, the Quaker, who, expecting this visit, had taken care not to undress.

'What means this untimely intrusion?' asked Jonathan sternly of the officer.

'Master Jonathan Hartop,' replied the officer, in a loud, harsh, and arbitrary tone, 'you shall soon see what it means. I have a warrant against you, issued by Sir John Trenchard, His Majesty's Secretary of State, and given to me, to be executed, by Master Aaron Smith, the Solicitor of the Treasury; and,' he continued, looking about as he spoke, 'I shall make a most rigorous search for treasonable papers, of which, I doubt not, ye have gotten plenty; and I shall also have your house looked through from garret to cellar for arms.'

'So you are Captain Baker, I presume,' replied Jonathan, in a scornful tone. 'Well, sir, I wish you an office better befitting the English uniform than turning poor frightened maids out of their beds in garrets, and ransacking the contents of a gentleman's wine-cellar.'

'Have a care, Master Hartop,' said Captain Baker, furiously, 'or worse than you count on may befall you. Master Morisco,' he added, turning to that individual, who was a King's messenger, 'prepare to do your office, and take Master Lunt with you.'

'Master Lunt!' echoed Jonathan, with a sneer. 'Who gave Lunt the informer right to be called Master?'

'Master Lunt is a Crown witness,' replied Baker, in an angry tone, 'and the Secretary of State styles him gentleman in all legal documents.'

'Humph!' said Jonathan; 'the Secretary of State may make him a Crown witness, but, with all due respect to him, he cannot make him a gentleman.'

'No more of this,' said Baker, insolently, 'but let's to our business. I suppose,' he continued, darting a searching look at Jonathan, 'you know one Crosby, or Philips, or whatever *alias* he assumes, who lodged at Pugson's, a tailor in Germain Street? His papers have been seized, and that consummate politician, the Duke of Shrewsbury, saith, that there is

on foot a hellish conspiracy against the king, got up by Popish Jacobites and Nonjurors and High Churchmen, as they call themselves, and amongst other names in the papers seized upon, is yours, sir.'

'What of that?' asked Jonathan, in a determined tone. 'Can I help people writing my name in their papers?'

'We shall see to that, sir,' replied the captain, as he muttered between his teeth, 'Damnable plot against our Deliverer!'

'Verily, friend, it becomes thee not to use such profane words,' interposed the Quaker; ''tis setting a bad example to thy followers.'

'Marry, there's little chance of the troopers being contaminated,' said Clifton, laughing; 'I'll warrant these Dutch fellows don't understand a word of English.'

'Friend Broomfield, I know you; your time will come soon, so you had better keep a civil tongue in your head, or you may come to trouble,' said Baker, roughly; 'and for you,' he added, addressing Clifton, 'I shall put a guard over you and all those

who have been at this seditious meeting, whilst the house is searched.'

'I'faith,' said Clifton, shrugging his shoulders and laughing, 'you may spare yourself the trouble of putting a guard over the rest of our friends, for considering how much good sack and Rhenish they have imbibed, 'tis probable they will lay quiet for the next twenty-four hours.'

Without vouchsafing an answer to Clifton, Captain Baker said a few words in an undertone to two of the troopers, who at once advancing towards Jonathan, escorted him back to his bedroom, where he was made to sit down by the fire.

Then Baker, along with Morisco and Lunt, followed him there, and at once proceeded to break open cabinets, boxes, and deed-chests and drawers. All were ransacked; papers, deeds, and letters were tumbled out. This work went on for a considerable time, Baker and Morisco every now and then, stuffing into their pockets title deeds of property, bills and books of accounts, and letters treating of private affairs.

Jonathan and Joan sat by the fire

silently watching these proceedings. At last Jonathan said, sternly:

'Well, Captain Baker, 'tis usual in such cases to mark the papers taken away and let the owner countermark them. How do I know what other papers of a dangerous tendency you may mix with mine, in order to make me answerable for them?'

'I am a man of honour, sir.'

'No doubt,' said Jonathan, with a sneer, 'but you have had a deal of trouble, Captain Baker; 'tis a pity you find no arms or ammunition.'

'There are horses in your stable though. Doubtless these are for the use of the rebels. I shall take them.'

'And,' interposed the King's Messenger, Morisco, 'I shall have to carry you a prisoner to my house in London, there to await being brought up before the Duke of Shrewsbury for examination.'

At the suggestion of her husband, Joan now went to the alderman's room to prepare him for the visit he might have. Clifton accompanied her.

Alderman Tichburn was awake, he having been disturbed by the noise and

tumult in the house; but Joan felt no small indignation, when, in answer to her angry and indignant denunciations against the monstrous tyranny and wickedness of domiciliary visits in general, and this one in particular, the alderman began to talk gravely and sapiently of the duty of obedience and submission to the ruling Government, and of the necessity of crushing conspiracy at whatever cost.

'The alderman hath awoke to the wholesome doctrine of passive obedience and non-persistance,' said Clifton, in a jocular tone; 'but you see not things in their proper light, my dear madam, or you would see, that to be dragged from your bed on a cold night in March, to have your house ransacked, and your property plundered, are little trifles which are not to be considered where the public weal is concerned.'

'No, sir, were the good of my country at stake,' exclaimed the alderman, magnanimously, and drawing himself up majestically in the bed, as he spoke, 'I would sacrifice all personal ease, all comfort, with Spartan-like endurance.' Here the speaker huddled the blankets around him

and shivered in an un-Spartan-like manner. 'Yea, even to the loss of goods and property, with contentment and satisfaction.'

At this moment the door was rudely pushed open, and Captain Baker strode in.

'Madam,' he said, addressing Joan, 'you will find your husband in the parlour, whither I carried him just now. I have left two of my troopers in charge of him—but you may join him, an you will. Now, then, old fellow,' he added, abruptly addressing Tichburn, 'come out of that bed that we may search you.'

'Do you know who I am, sir,' asked the alderman, wrathfully, and showing no wish to cast aside the blankets from around him, spite of his previous tattle about Spartan-like endurance.

'I'faith I don't,' replied Baker, carelessly, 'another Quaker, perhaps; you have something like the looks of one.'

'I a Quaker!' exclaimed the indignant Presbyterian; 'I would have you take care how you insult me, sirrah, officer though you be; you may have cause to repent it. I am Alderman Tichburn, sir, a well-known merchant and citizen of London, and a loyal subject of King William.'

And here the alderman glared at Baker, as though expecting to see him transfixed with awe by this announcement.

'Loyal be d——d!' said Baker, insolently; 'you're more like to be some discontented Revolutionist. I know ye all. Hallo! but what's this, most loyal Alderman Tichburn?' asked the captain, holding up to view a good-sized heavily lined purse, which he had just taken from a table close to the bed's head; 'what is this? Oh! oh! you sly old fox,' he added, looking at the alderman, who sat gasping with rage. 'So, you hold the purse? You are the paymaster? You find the pay for those Irish rascals who have been enlisted by Papists, Tories, and Nonjurors, at the "Cock and Dolphin" and "The Hole in the Wall," and other ale-houses in London, to fight for a Popish king against our glorious defender and deliverer, King William. Much have I marvelled, during our search, that we had fallen upon no money; when, lo! at the last, it drops into my hands. Well, I confiscate it.'

And suiting the action to the words, Captain Baker stuffed the purse into his pocket.*

* Chetham Society's Publications, vol. xxviii. p. 9.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE FOX-HUNTERS.

A FINE, rambling old house was the mansion inhabited by the Tancred family in Boroughbridge. It stands yet, though in these days it is known as the Crown Hotel, and a most comfortable hotel it is. There is still the broad staircase, built between two walls, the long corridors giving admission to large, pleasant, low-roofed rooms, with small panes of glass in the windows; but times are changed since the days when the Squire Tancred of 1702 caroused with his fox-hunting friends within its walls. When the old house of the Tancreds passed into other hands, for many a long year, there was still plenty of noise and bustle to wake up the echoes of the time-honoured mansion.

It was the great coaching inn in those days of four-in-hand mail-coaches and stage-coaches, when the noise of the guard's horn resounded in these now silent streets, when gentlemen's travelling carriages and post-chaises thundered up to the door, and huge waggons, drawn by eight large horses, whose neck-bells tinkled, as they lumbered into the wide spacious yard at the back of the Crown—a yard now moss-grown, lined with empty stables, where two or three horses now occupy the quarters once tenanted by Squire Tancred's hunters, and later, in the old coaching days, by some hundred steeds; at least, so says our Boroughbridge informant; but it is a curious fact, that we have been told exactly the same thing of other old inns in other old towns; and a hundred is always the number specified, neither one more nor less.

In a spacious chamber, commanding from the casements a lovely view of the deep Ure, as it flowed quietly by, were assembled, one blustering March afternoon, in this year of grace 1702, a party of noisy rollicking country squires, Esquire Tancred

at the head of the table, round which they were seated, all having silver goblets or drinking-glasses before them, which they constantly replenished from rare old china bowls, brimming with steaming hot punch.

They had been out hunting since early in the morning, and after a run of some six hours, had dined with as much zest as they had hunted—and now they toasted, amid shouts and halloos and tallyhoes to their hearts' content, foxhunting, the speedy downfall of the Whigs and all foreigners, and other congenial toasts.

But a few days had elapsed, since King William had paced with feeble steps, up and down the gallery in the lonely old palace of Hampton Court, built by the princely Wolsey. His dim eyes had gazed for the last time at those green slopes, stretching away like parterres of velvet, down the long avenues, where the March wind moaned dismally amongst the leafless branches of the trees. He had seen the sun tinge the waters of the canal, broad and beautiful as a lake, with the boughs of the limes, planted around it, reflected in its clear surface as in a sheet of crystal.

Then he had gone from the gallery to his room, the vast oak-panelled chamber with stone-mullioned casements, never to leave it again; and on the eighth day of March he breathed his last sigh under the roof of the lovely old home of our English kings—that home from which his father-in-law, poor ill-fated James, had been driven by himself and his spouse, the daughter with heart of adamant, who could lay her head so peacefully down to rest in the very chamber, from which she had helped to expel the fondest and most indulgent of parents.

But as yet, Squire Tancred and his guests were ignorant of William's death—news of his illness only, had found its way to the north. They were soon to be enlightened, however; for, whilst they were shouting and toasting each other, the door was suddenly opened and Esquire Merton precipitated himself into the room, all booted and spurred, splashed with mud and his clothes travel-stained.

'Adad!' exclaimed Squire Tancred, 'I'm glad to see ye, Merton; sit ye down wi' us.'

Merton, out of breath with hard riding or excitement, or both, dropped into a chair and gasped out something, which Charles Hartop construed into a demand for Rhenish, and knowing that this was Merton's favourite drink, he at once poured out a bumper for the jovial squire.

'At your service, sir; at your service, gentlemen,' said Merton, faintly, as he glanced from Squire Tancred to the company about him, and still catching his breath. Then he drained his goblet to the bottom, and with the draught of good Rhenish his strength seemed to return to him.

'What dost think? Canst tell what?' exclaimed Merton, looking exultingly at Squire Tancred. 'He's dead, sir!'

'Who?' asked all the guests in chorus.

'Why, the Dutchman—Hogan Mogan's dead!'

'Whew!' and here Tancred gave a prolonged whistle.

''Od's life! I've ridden hard from London,' continued Merton, 'to bring the news, and I couldn't make up my mind to go home without dropping in here to tell Tancred.'

For a moment or two the merriment and noise ceased. Squire Tancred stared at the new-comer, and the guests stared at each other, but soon their pent-up feelings burst forth in one loud uproarious huzzah, which was repeated again and again, intermingled with tallyhoes and halloos, as if they were in full cry of a fox, till they had bawled themselves hoarse, and then Jonathan, who was seated near Merton, begged him to give them more particulars.

'He got his death by a fall from his horse,' replied Merton. 'He died at eight of the clock last Sunday morning.'

'So the dog is dead, is he? Where's their Deliverer now?' called out Squire Fanshawe, with a sneer and a chuckle. 'The devil has got his own at last.'*

'But what say the vile, base Whigs?' asked Tancred.

''Tis all weeping and wailing,' replied Merton, 'and groaning and sobbing; and says one to another, "Oh, the great and good king! lackaday, how shall we exist, deprived of the light of his glorious presence?"'

And here Merton whined and puckered

* Oldmixon, at date 1702.

up his face into an expression of grief, to the intense amusement of the company.

'Dost hear, Jack?' vociferated a burly squire, nudging his next neighbour, who showed strong indications of a desire to relapse into the doze from which he had been roused by the commotion ensuing upon Merton's entry; 'dost hear? the Dutchman's dead!—Hogan Mogan's dead!'

'Aye, aye, aye—to be sure,' said the inebriated squire, looking vacantly into his goblet. Then, with an imbecile smile spread over his face, he muttered and stuttered:

'Well opened, Towser! to un, to un, again, Sweetlip! Hey, Merry! Whitefoot!'

'He's gotten more punch than he can carry,' said Merton, in a tone of commiseration; 'and 'tis a pity, for I would like all of us to join in a toast I was going to propose. It's a toast our friends in London drink now.'

'Why, what is it?' asked Tancred. 'Let's have it.'

'A health to the little gentleman dressed in black velvet,' replied Merton, solemnly.

'Ads zooks! sure you wouldn't have us

toast the devil?' said Fanshawe, 'though he hath rid us of the Dutchman.'

'Nay, nay,' replied Merton, laughing, ''tis only a little tiny mole we'll toast. 'Od's bobs!' continued Merton, as he observed all the squires looking inquiringly at him. 'What d'ye think? 'Twas over a mole-hill the dog's horse stumbled, and he got his death-fall; and so, when I left London, all our friends were drinking to the little gentleman in black velvet, as I've told ye.'

The mole's health was immediately drunk with the most boisterous and noisy applause, interlarded with oaths and imprecations, consigning the Whigs, the Dutch, all foreigners, and all foreign tyrants to a place that shall not be mentioned here.

'I've got more to tell ye yet, more good news,' said Merton, nodding his head sagely, as soon as the din had ceased a little, so that he could make himself heard. 'We'll have no more Presbyterians. They say that in more places than one, as soon as Hogan Mogan's death was known, there was a talk of pulling down the Dissenters' meeting-houses—confound 'em! And I

heard that at Newcastle-under-Lyne they had begun the glorious work. Aye, Master Hartop,' he added, addressing that gentleman, ''tis well your father-in-law, old Alderman Tichburn, hath taken leave of this world—so stiff a Presbyterian as he was, and such an admirer of the Orange, would have been sore afflicted.'

'He didn't sing the Dutchman's praises quite so loud, though,' interposed Will Clifton, 'after that night when Captain Baker filched his purse from him and carried it off.'

'Down with Presbyterians! Down with the Rump! To the devil with all the Whigs!' thundered the fox-hunters.

'I shall remember the Dutchman as long as I live,' said Jonathan, sternly. 'Fine times, forsooth, we have seen! when an Englishman's house was liable to be invaded by a pack of hungry, rascally informers and Dutch troopers. Curse the Whigs for putting us under foreign rulers! But princes endangered,' said Jonathan, solemnly, 'seek their peace by any means. 'Twas a great grief to me,' he continued to say, 'when my oldest son, Henry, chose to

enter the army; for it vexed me sorely indeed that he should hold a commission under the Dutch usurper; but there he is, quite a Tichburn. What is bred in the bone will never quit of the flesh.'

'Had you ever, sir, yourself the honour of a domiciliary visit?' asked Squire Constable, a Roman Catholic gentleman, then on a visit to Squire Tancred, 'I thought those favours were reserved for us luckless Papists.'

'I' faith!' replied Jonathan, 'there you are mistaken. Those favours were distributed pretty evenly; you did not have all those good things to yourselves. We Tories and Nonjurors, as they call us, came in for our share of 'em. But you are a stranger in these parts, sir; you don't know how I was treated, sir; how my home was invaded, ransacked, pillaged, I dragged from my bed on a winter's night, half-clad! Think of that, sir——'

And here Jonathan paused, breathless from indignation, his wrath always rising whenever he spoke of this epoch of his life.

'Zounds, sir! no man was ever more

villainously treated,' resumed Jonathan, preparing, to the secret amusement of his friends, to make, for the hundredth time, a fierce and indignant recital of his wrongs. 'As I tell you, I was dragged from my bed. A party of filthy Dutch troopers, under the command of that thief and scoundrel, Captain Baker, forced their way into my house, sir, upon a frivolous, trumped-up charge of conspiracy and plotting against the Government—a mere vague suspicion, sir. That man,' continued Jonathan, sententiously quoting one of the many proverbs and old saws he ever had ready for use, 'that is feared and hated of many, has cause likewise to suspect many. I allude to Hogan Mogan, sir. Well, sir, the rascals rifled my cabinets and drawers, and muniment chests, dragged me from my bedroom downstairs, and set a guard over me in the parlour, whilst some of them, along with the informers, went up and down the house, from top to bottom, robbing and pilfering; and Baker himself was the greatest thief.'

'Those cursed informers! how their vile trade hath flourished!' exclaimed Squire

Constable. 'It is a most infamous and shameless practice, and insufferable amongst civilised people, that beggars and villains should be maintained like lords, for no other purpose but to swear away the lives and estates of other men. But I interrupted you, Master Hartop; how did you get out of the clutches of the Government?'

'Not scatheless, sir, i' faith, as you shall hear. In the morning I was to have been carried to York Castle, but I was ill; I had been kept up all night, and that, together with the excitement and my fears for my wife, who was then in a delicate state, brought on a violent attack of colic, which prostrated me for several days, and during that time, my house was defiled with the presence of those beastly, villainous Dutch troopers, who drank Hollands all day, and filled every room with clouds of tobacco smoke, and brought a pack of their countrywomen in also to keep them company and feast at my expense.'*

'Down with the Dutchman! down with

* 'Jacobite Trials,' Chetham Society's Publications, vol. xxviii.

the rotten Orange!' hiccupped the squire who had shown a tendency to slumber, but had now roused up again, 'to the devil with Baker.'

'Ay, to the devil with him!' growled Jonathan, 'and all such like rogues and villains. He took four horses from my stables, and then, of his great generosity, sold them to me again for five pounds each. He dragged me from my home, though I was still ill, the day after my son Roger was born; and, by the way, the lad hath been a weak child since his birth —thanks to Hogan Mogan and his cursed Dutch troopers. Well, sir, Baker took me up to London, and he treated me in a most uncivil and unhandsome manner on the way; then he lodged me in the house of Morisco, the king's messenger, in Dartmore Street, where I was kept a close prisoner for several days, and had to pay the scoundrel heavy fees. Egad! sir, would you believe it? I there saw that rascal, Lunt, the informer, dressed as fine as a general, with a footman to attend him. But, what wonder, when Sir John Trenchard paid such hordes of informers

to come to him at Whitehall with their cursed lies of plots, and so forth? Why, zounds, sir! there was a constant stream of 'em going into his office, and another of king's messengers with warrants coming out.'

'And, in the end, you were brought before the Duke of Shrewsbury and examined, and got let off,' said Tancred, wishing to cut short his friend's lengthy narrative, 'with the comforting assurance that the matter of your arrest was all a mistake. Well, let us be thankful that, at all events, we've gotten an English queen now; and we shan't be over-ridden by Dutch dogs any longer.'

'Ay,' interposed Merton, 'and I can tell you what the queen said in the two Houses, the very day after the Dutchman's death—that her heart was entirely English.'

'Hurrah! huzza!' shouted the squires, some in their enthusiasm adding the talismanic exclamations, 'Yoicks! yoicks! tally-ho! halloo!' Then might be heard, at intervals, oaths expressed in varied degrees of emphasis, along with wishes not

at all complimentary to their opponents; such as, 'No more Dutchmen! No more Bentincks! No more foreigners! We're true Englishmen! We'll stand up for our religion! Church for ever! We'll defend our liberties and our rights! Yoicks! yoicks! tally-ho! halloo!'

'There's a good time coming now,' vociferated Merton, as soon as he could make himself heard. 'What d'ye think? The Tories are in favour, and the traitor Whigs may go to the devil after their master!'

'To the devil with the traitors!' shouted all the squires; 'they've brought in foreigners to rule over us.'

'Let me speak, let me tell you,' bawled out Squire Merton. 'There's my Lord Scarsdale and my Lord Weymouth, good men and true, Tories to the backbone, as ye all know; they hadn't been seen at Court for years; they wouldn't truckle to the Dutchman. Well, the very day after Hogan Mogan was dead, they went to the palace, and the queen received them as gracious as who you like, and gave them her hand to kiss. There's for you! What do you say to that?'

What the squires said was to shout till they were black in the face :

'Huzza! huzza! halloo! tally-ho! yoicks! we're patriots! We're Churchmen! Church for ever! No Presbyterians! No more Whigs! Down with the Whartons! Down with the Lumleys! Down with the Russells! They've put us under the Dutchmen! We're Englishmen! Down with all foreigners!'

Thus did the Tories throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom rejoice over the death of William and the accession of Queen Anne. Strange inconsistency! that while professing to maintain the Tory principle of hereditary right, they should reconcile themselves to accept with joy and proffer their allegiance to a Princess whom Whig principles alone had raised to the throne.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### JONATHAN'S OLIVE BRANCHES.

THERE was a very pleasant room in the rear of the old Manor House of Hartop Park, looking into the large shady courtyard, where, in the fervid heat of summer, the smooth turf, surrounding a tall old fountain, with water ever plashing down into the stone basin beneath, was always fresh and green. And on the surface of the water that filled the basin, water lilies floated like flakes of snow, and clustering wreaths of trumpet honeysuckle twined about the rough stones forming the base of the fountain.

The falling waters sparkled with colours brilliant as the rainbow in the sunbeams, the breeze whispered softly amongst the leaves of the limes and sycamores planted

around the courtyard, and the gay prattle and laughter of little children echoed through the open casements into that pleasant cool parlour, where Madam Hartop sat busily sewing one sultry August afternoon, whilst Jonathan and Will Clifton, now elderly men, each turned fifty, sat watching the gambols of the children in the courtyard, and near them, propped up in a large old easy chair, reclined a young man, clad in a sort of military undress coat, sea-green waistcoat and breeches, which latter habiliments indicated that he belonged to Lumley's Regiment of Horse, in later years styled the Carabineers—the invalid was Jonathan's eldest son, Henry Hartop.

'This inaction is so wearisome, so irksome to me,' said the young man, impatiently. 'I bore better the pain of my wounds than I do this miserable weakness, which retards my recovery.'

'Well, well, my dear lad, you must have patience,' said Jonathan, in a soothing tone. 'I was worse wounded than you are by those d—— Dutchmen, when I was young, but I got well again; an you worry your-

self in this fashion, you will but retard your recovery.'

'And that I should avoid for your sake, father,' replied Henry; 'for the sooner I get better, the sooner I and my family can betake ourselves to our own quarters; 'twas most kind of you to bid me come here, and then to send for my wife and children; but truly, with four youngsters of your own, I ought not to have suffered you to burden yourself with three of mine.'

'I myself doubted the propriety of Katherine's accepting your father's invitation, Henry,' said Clifton, whose eldest daughter Katherine was Madam Henry Hartop; 'but you know, Jonathan,' he added addressing the latter, 'you were so bent upon having Kate and the children.'

Joan bent closer over her work, perhaps to hide a smile, but her husband said, rather sharply:

'You seem to have forgotten, Will, that 'twas settled between us, that Aldboro' would be a better place for Henry to be at than Dacre Bank, seeing that he was in need of a doctor constantly, and he would have missed his wife, poor lad, more even

than you would have missed your daughter.'

There was a slight tone of irony in Jonathan's last remark, which Clifton did not, however, appear to notice, but Henry said, hastily :

'This is all very well, my dear father; you and my mother make light of having so many interlopers in your house, but it distresses me exceedingly.'

'You are distressed without a cause, my dear son,' said Joan, kindly ; 'you know it is a pleasure to us to have our little grandchildren here.'

Loud shouts of laughter were now heard from the courtyard, and Clifton, who had been looking out of one of the windows, announced the arrival of Master Charles Hartop, who had been absent from home for some few weeks. The children presently led him in in triumph, he holding by the hand a pretty flaxen-haired girl, Clifton's youngest daughter. Madam Henry Hartop brought up the rear with Roger Hartop, a delicate looking child of ten or eleven.

' 'Twas a treat to see Polly,' said Charles,

as he seated himself, after paying his respects to the grown-up members of the family, and stroked the fair hair of the little girl; 'she was always my little friend, but I hardly knew her again, she has grown so since I saw her last.'

''Twere well if she were as good as she is tall,' said Madam Henry Hartop, in a severe tone, as she sat down on one of the high-backed chairs; 'but she is so careless, so giddy, and shockingly untidy—clothes torn and hair uncombed. I don't know what will be the end on't, if my father suffers her to run wild in this fashion.'

And Madam Henry cast a glance of stern rebuke at her father, and he, brave man, as he was, undoubtedly, quailed under it.

She was a tall, handsome woman, with piercing steel-grey eyes, and an aquiline nose—a trifle too sharp, perhaps—with a rather imperious tone of voice, and an authoritative manner. She was, in fact, a counterpart of her dead mother, a woman born to rule—and report said that Will Clifton had been ruled by both mother and daughter.

'Never mind, Polly,' said Charles,

laughing, as he stooped down and kissed the little girl, who hung her head under her sister's rebuke. 'I don't mind torn frocks and unkempt locks, and you know you are going to be my little wife; you told me that long ago, when sister Kate said you should be an old maid for being naughty and untidy.'

'Pr'ythee, how old was she when she offered you her hand?' asked Madam Henry, scornfully.

'She had attained the ripe age of three,' replied Charles, laughing; 'and I told her I should be an old man when she was grown-up, and she said she should not mind that, so when Polly reaches years of discretion, an she likes to take me, grey hairs and all, she shall, and we won't ask sister Kate's leave—will we?'

'Nay, Kate will have enough to do to look after her own lasses,' remarked Jonathan, gaily, 'without troubling her head about sister Polly.'

'Oh, 'tis no affair of mine, an my father chooseth to be foolishly indulgent,' replied Madam Henry, sitting up very erect in her chair.

'Well, Harry, I wish I could see you looking better,' said Charles, turning the conversation, as he saw that the wife's exhibition of temper was far from pleasing to the husband. 'However, you have earned some laurels and proved yourself a brave soldier.'

'Pity an English gentleman should have got his wounds in the service of a Dutchman,' growled Jonathan.

'Why, father, King William was dead when Blenheim was fought!' exclaimed Henry.

'Well, well,' replied Jonathan, peevishly, 'you took your commission under the Dutch usurper, you know, and sorely against my will.'

As father and son now appeared in danger of disagreeing, Charles once more tried to shift the topic of conversation, and began by making various inquiries about the children, who had all gathered round him; then he disburthened his pockets of some little packages he had brought for them—almond comfits, paste of plums, Malaga raisins and dates.

Roger had sidled away from Madam

Henry's side, and taking some prunes from his brother, he went and seated himself on a cushion at his mother's feet, and prepared to eat them.

'Sure, my dear mother, you will not suffer Roger to eat those prunes!' exclaimed Madam Henry, with a look of horror.

'I think they will do him no harm,' replied Joan, quietly.

Madam Henry shook her head doubtfully, and said, in a warning tone, 'We know that he hath a delicate stomach.'

'Aye, thanks to that thief, Captain Baker, and his accursed Dutch troopers,' said Jonathan, savagely. 'May the devil fetch them!'

'I think, Henry, a turn in the courtyard would do you good,' observed Madam Henry, 'and the children can come with us.' Then she added something in an under tone about profane expressions in the presence of the young, which provoked a smile from her father-in-law.

Henry appeared wishful of remaining where he was. However, his wife having resolved that he should take the air in the

courtyard, there was no alternative; and so, leaning on Clifton's arm, he quitted the chamber, the children trooping out also, eager to return to their games under the lime trees.

'Marry, 'tis like a hen taking her chickens under her wings,' said Charles, laughing, as he stood looking out of the casement. 'But I fear, my dear father, Kate's presence here doth not conduce to your comfort nor to that of my mother. 'Twas a pity you asked her.'

'Why, so I think,' said Jonathan, shrugging his shoulders; 'but, to own the truth, I merely asked her as a matter of courtesy, not thinking that her father would suffer her to accept my invitation; but, 'ad's my life, I suppose Will was glad to be rid of her. Poor Henry, he hath gotten a Tartar. She wants to rule everybody. How your mother can suffer her to dose that luckless little wretch, Roger, with physic in the way she doth, is a marvel to me.'

'Nay, Jonathan, I only allow her to give him a little harmless powder or cream of tartar and honey now and then,' said Joan; 'but 'tis hard to strive with Kate, she is so *very pertinacious*.'

'My poor little wife that is to be,' said Charles, gaily; ''tis well she is out of Kate's clutches; she is an affectionate little creature. Well, I will go down into the courtyard and give Henry my arm—Master Clifton must be tired.'

Joan quitted her seat after her step-son had left the room, and she watched the group below from the casement, and, as she noted how Polly's eyes followed with thoughtful earnestness and affection, every movement of Charles Hartop, sighed involuntarily, and her thoughts wandered back through many long years, to the time when she had just so watched Jonathan in the garden of the house in Cheapside.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### BRIMHAM ROCKS.

Amongst the wondrous masses of stone known by the name of Brimham Rocks, a party of children were disporting themselves one glorious summer day, towards the end of August. A gay, noisy little party they were, whose joyous shouts woke up many an echo amongst the giant rocks that loomed above them, making them look strangely diminutive, and like mere atoms as they strayed hither and thither beneath their shadows. The children, all Hartops, were quite familiar with Brimham Crags, for it was a favourite resort of theirs. There were Jonathan's four youngsters, and Henry's eldest children, and they were all in charge, apparently, of Charles Hartop. Strange, that a dashing young fellow, such

as he was, should have constituted himself the guardian of a troop of little ones, and have undertaken the charge of them for the whole day. The secret, however, may be in the fact, that he is not the sole guardian; the onerous duty is shared by a tall, lovely girl of about sixteen, the Polly Clifton of past days: but little or no vestige remains of the giddy little child, who romped with Charles, who tore her frocks and had uncombed hair. She has changed in manner as well as in form and feature, especially within the last few months. She seems to have passed suddenly from childhood to womanhood. There is a timid reserve in her demeanour, especially towards Charles, a shyness in her looks and speech, which distresses him sorely, for the jest of early days has merged, at least with him, into grave, sober earnest, and if she will not keep the promise her baby lips gave long years ago, then, indeed, life will be a blank to him and an insupportable burthen. Poor Charles had struggled with his misery and doubts for many months past, She was so young, this Polly whom he loved so tenderly, and he had said to himself that it would be

an injustice, on his part, to lead her to plight her troth to him whilst a mere child; but certain devices and machinations on the part of Madam Henry, now living with her family in the neighbourhood of her father's house at Dacre Banks, made him resolve to tell the old story to Polly on this very day, and to know his fate at once.

Apparently, Madam Henry did not think her sister too young to be promised in marriage, for she had invited a lady friend from London to stay with her, and this friend's brother, Master Walter Tanner, into the bargain. This gentleman Madam Henry Hartop chose to extol to the skies, though his sole charm consisted in the length of his purse, for he was an ugly, hard-featured, ill-tempered man, with some education, however, and with a considerable amount of shrewdness, especially in business, for he had amassed a large fortune as a Leghorn merchant.

However, he professed himself enamoured of Polly, and Madam Henry Hartop took every opportunity of enforcing on her father, especially in the presence of poor Charles, whom she loved to snub and mortify, the

advantages that would accrue from such a match.

Charles would have been utterly overwhelmed, had he not gleaned some comfort from Squire Clifton's evident repugnance to Master Tanner, and the utmost Madam Henry could get the squire to say was, 'If the lass likes the man, I'll not say her nay, but she hath a good dower and may choose for herself, and she may do better, for Tanner is as ugly as the devil, and he worships the rising sun, and is as fond of the Elector of Hanover, as ever Alderman Tichburn was of the Dutch Prince of Orange.' Still, Charles felt his hopes qualified by the reserve of Polly's late demeanour towards him, a reserve which sprang from the modest bashfulness and maidenly timidity which had fallen upon her, when suddenly, by a rapid transition of thought and feeling, the child became a woman. But Charles failed to read the riddle, which others have puzzled over before, the strange conceit which makes a woman often treat with apparent unkindness and neglect the man whom she loves best in the world, and so he said to himself, that

though Tanner was confounded ugly and unmannerly, illtempered and stubborn, still, Polly might be as foolish as Titania, 'who waked and straightway loved an ass.'

However, Charles had resolved that this day should end all suspense, this day should decide whether he should be miserable for the rest of his life or happy; he had been watching for an opportunity to lay open his heart to Polly, and never could he hope to have one more favourable. The children were busy at play, and so absorbed in their diversions that, for all the notice they took, he and Polly might have been alone amongst the crags.

Now, it was not from any willingness on Madam Henry's part that Charles and Polly were thus thrown together for a whole day. That lady had planned during the previous week a visit to Aldboro', that she might introduce Master Tanner to Squire Hartop and his wife. Polly was to have accompanied them, Charles being, as Madam Henry fondly believed, absent from home on business for his father at York. Imagine then her disgust, when Polly announced herself too unwell from a

bad headache to form one of the party to Aldboro', and Madam Henry's indignation rose higher still, when the detested Charles himself arrived in the family coach with the children from Aldboro'. He had returned from York the previous evening, had thought he would like a day at Brimham Rocks, and so had come over with the young ones.

Madam Henry would fain have postponed her visit to Hartop Park, but this neither her husband nor her father would allow, so she was compelled to set out with Miss Tanner in the coach which had brought the children; and on the way she confided to her friend her opinion of both Charles and Polly, intimating her belief that the whole plan had been hatched between them, Polly's headache being dismissed with the contemptuous monosyllable, 'Fudge!'

Certainly, Madam Henry would have repeated the obnoxious epithet with redoubled force, could she have seen her sister, about an hour later, tripping along up the steep ascent leading to the crags, and showing no signs of indisposition. Charles had assured her that a walk to

Brimham Rocks would remove her headache; she tried the remedy, and pronounced it a sovereign cure, as she sat amongst the blooming heather, under the shadow of the crags, and gazed in the fulness of delight at the beauties of the scene around her.

Often had Polly visited this spot with its vast assemblage of rocks, often had she stood under the shadow of the overhanging and gigantic projections, and had climbed to the very pinnacle of the highest rock, and from thence surveyed its giant companions; but never had the crags seemed to her more grandly picturesque than on this day, the rugged stones being surrounded on every side by a sea of purple bloom.

Never, sure, were stranger combinations of shape and form seen than may be witnessed here. There is one rock like some rugged round tower, with a large stone on its summit; at some few paces distance starts up another, as lofty as the first, but formed of four or five layers of stone, the one placed with a kind of regularity on the top of the other; a third is not round, but

formed of two huge, irregularly shaped slabs of stone, the one poised on the top of the other, but overhanging it so far, that the wonder is it does not topple over.

What huge fantastic masses they appear! tufts of heather and the broad leaves of the fern springing out from amongst the ledges of the rocks, filling up hollows and rents and fissures, and clothing with loveliness their bare ruggedness, whilst round their base, and as far as the eye can reach, when the heather is in flower, the moorland, like some vast ocean, retreats in billows of purple bloom. Nothing more lovely than this heather-covered tract, whose predominant hue is only varied, here and there, with some scattered patches of crimson or relieved by the yellow blossoms of a few stray bushes of gorse, or the soft green tints of the fern leaves.

It was an almost fairy-like scene of beauty that lay mapped around and beneath the mighty rock, at whose base Polly and her lover were seated. The rock itself looms up against the sky in rude but mighty grandeur, a portion appearing

to have been riven from it, perhaps by some convulsion of nature. At a little distance, an opening in another rock forms an irregular arch, and gazing through it, what a scene of exquisite beauty meets the eye, on such a summer day as that on which sweet Miss Clifton sat under the shadow of Brimham Crags!

On every side rise up these huge masses of stone, like the ruins of some mighty city, with the relics of its shattered towers and domes and pinnacles, for the rocks assume the most varied shapes, and far below the wild moorland, wrapt in its veil of purple bloom, lies a rich and fertile landscape. Corn-fields with the golden brown hues of autumn upon them, and meadows green as an emerald, slope down the hill sides into the valleys, where church spires and the roof-tops of farm-house and cottage lie embosomed in foliage.

'I don't think I ever saw this place look more beautiful,' said Polly, in a tone of rapture. 'I am so glad we came, Charles.'

'Why, truly, nature hath decked herself

with many charms to-day,' replied Charles, 'but I do not enjoy the contemplation of her beauties with as much contentment as I should do were my mind at ease. Indeed, Polly, my heart is very heavy, and the burthen on my spirits weighs me down to the earth.'

'Why, Charles?' exclaimed Polly, in a tone of dismay, 'sure no mischance hath befallen you that we have not heard of! pr'ythee speak; what is it that afflicts you thus sorely?'

'That man Tanner, Polly,' replied Charles, with a kind of groan.

'Lack a day, Charles,' said the young lady, as she withdrew her hand, which she had placed, with something of the familiar fondness of her childhood, in his, 'can'st find nothing more agreeable to talk about than Tanner? I hear enough of him from Katherine.'

'Ah, Polly,' replied Charles, clasping her unresisting hand in his, 'I can, indeed, find a topic of conversation far more agreeable to me than any reference to Walter Tanner; but will it be equally pleasing to you?'

'Well, I can't say, you know, till I hear what it is,' replied Polly, with a little smile, and in a tone which had in it again something of the vivacity of past days.

'Polly, I am going to remind you of a promise you made me many years ago, to ask you if you are still of the same mind as you were in those far off days, when your baby lips told me, that when you grew up you would be my little wife.'

Charles paused; the small hand he held within his own trembled, but Polly's face was averted from him, and she spoke no word, so he went on to speak, with a more sorrowful ring in his voice:

'I used to tell you then that when you were grown up I should be an old man with grey hairs, and so it is. I am old, as compared with yourself, being nearly twice your age, and there are already white threads mingling with my brown locks; dear Polly, I dare not hope that you will keep your promise.'

A mist passed before the eyes of the man who loved so truly, but, as he feared, hopelessly, and the gigantic rocks gilded with the glorious sunshine, the purple

bloom of the heather, and the fair landscape beneath, seemed all blurred and indistinct. But the cloud passed away, and he saw Polly's face turned towards him with eyes brimful of tenderness and love. Yes, love; he knew that, even before she spoke.

'Dear Charles, Polly is still of the same mind, and she will keep her promise.'

Those few simple words lifted a load of doubt and anguish from the mind of the fond lover, and raised him to the seventh heaven. What foolish things he said and did in his rapture, it would be impossible to detail; he was only recalled to his sober senses by Polly escaping from the hundredth kiss, as she espied the children trooping towards them. Henry Hartop's eldest girl, a precocious young lady of eleven, said to Roger, in impressive tones:

'Oh law!—mighty pretty!'

'Why, what's the matter?'

'I saw Uncle Charles a-kissing Aunt Polly.'

'Well, what of that; don't I kiss you?'

'Oh yes,' replies the precocious young lady, with a slightly contemptuous inflec-

tion in her voice, 'but then you are only a boy.'

'Oh what a happy, thrice happy day this has been, my love, my own love,' says Charles, as he stands under the wide porch of Will Clifton's house, where the white moonbeams, stealing in through fragrant clusters of jessamine, honeysuckle, and sweetbriar, fall in chequered bars of silvery light on the graceful figure and fair face of sweet Polly Clifton, standing by his side, her hand clasped in his, awaiting the return of her father.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### WHIGS AND TORIES.*

Two gentlemen were riding slowly along the high-road leading from the old cathedral city of York to Knaresboro', towards the close of an unusually fine November afternoon, in the year 1714.

The sun was just setting, and the casement windows in the tall, quaint, antique houses of the town seemed all on fire, as they caught the brilliant reflection of the crimson-tinted clouds, piled up like billows of flame in the western sky.

Green and pleasant still—spite of the advanced time of the year—looked the fields and meadows skirting the high-road

* Oldmixon, at 1714; 'The Freeholder,' London, 1723; 'Danger to the Church from Foreigners,' London, 1744.

from York, and the trees, beneath which the horsemen rode as they approached Knaresboro', yet retained some of their foliage, though the tints of the remaining leaves had changed from green to pale yellow and scarlet, and heaps of these sere and withered relics of the bygone summer strewed the ground.

As the two gentlemen slowly rode along High Street, which, though a fairly wide and spacious thoroughfare, comes down in a very deep descent from the higher part of the town, the elder of the two, addressing his companion, said :

'Master Charles Hartop, my beast is too much knocked up to go any farther, and yours does not look as though he could carry you to Aldboro'; so what say you? Where do you intend to inn to-night? I know this town well, and I could help you to a right good landlord; he's a lusty, jolly fellow, that lives well, and is at least three yards in the girt, and the best Church of England man in th' town. Suppose we inn with him?'

'With all my heart, Squire Fanshawe,' said Charles, now a handsome young man

of two or three and thirty. 'We have had a glorious run with the hounds to-day, and my horse is too tired to go farther.'

The two gentlemen having now ridden into the broad and spacious market-place, reined in their horses before the door of the Royal Oak, an old house yet in existence, having three gable-ends and walls rough-cast and washed yellow.

Mine host had spied the approach of Squire Fanshawe and his companion from one of the many little latticed casements in front of the inn, and out of his door he popped with as much alacrity as could be expected from a man three yards in the girt, before the squire had quite ceased the prolonged whistle which he had given by way of summoning the landlord.

'Well, Dobson, we are going to stay the night wi' ye; what company have you gotten here?' said Fanshawe, preparing to dismount.

'He, he, he!' laughed mine host, his complexion, already of a standing crimson, becoming purplish from suppressed mirth; 'there be one Master Tanner, a Whig merchant fro' Lunnon, in the parlour; I'se

be glad to hear your worship go at 'im, sir; he's all for King George, as he calls him,' which last intimation the burly host communicated in a whisper.

'D—n King George and Master Tanner, too!' quoth Squire Fanshawe, in an undertone, to the landlord, as he threw himself off his horse.

'Master Tanner?' said Charles, laughing in his turn. 'Why, 'tis Polly's old suitor.'

'What can have brought the rascally Whig into these parts? Rot the man!' growled the squire.

'Why, sir, I have just bethought me that his sister has been staying at Henry's house since some weeks; 'tis like he may have come to escort her back to London.'

'An' he be known to your family, I'se be civil to him, but I'll smoke him, natheless,' said Fanshawe.

The two gentlemen now entered the inn with the landlord, who led them up a broad flight of oak stairs into a spacious parlour, with windows looking down into the street, and near to one of which Master Tanner was seated.

Charles immediately greeted him with a

ready cordiality, which the London merchant failed somewhat to reciprocate in the same manner, for he had not forgotten the unpleasant fact, that Charles was his successful rival in love, and he knew that Squire Clifton had given a ready consent to the suit of the latter, though stipulating that the marriage should be put off for two or three years, his daughter being so young.

Charles hastened, with a merry twinkle in his eye, to introduce Tanner and Fanshawe to each other, and as he did so, mischievously informed the London merchant that his friend was a veteran Tory.

'Your servant, sir, your servant,' said Fanshawe, addressing the merchant. 'Tory!' he added, with great emphasis; 'Adzooks, that I am—aye, to th' back bone.' And whistling a popular Jacobite air, he took his seat in the recess of the nearest window, pending the arrival of dinner.

'Truly, then, in politics, I fear, sir, we should not agree,' replied Tanner promptly, and with the evident laudable intention of standing by his principles. 'I am a Whig, sir; 'tis strange that almost all you country

gentlemen are Tories, whilst we town's folk and merchants are Whigs.'

'Why, now I see nothing extraordinary in it,' answered Squire Fanshawe, rather contemptuously; 'you merchants live by buying and selling, and your business takes you into other countries and amongst foreigners, and so you get a liking for 'em, and would as lief have a Dutchman or a Hanoverian for your king as a true-born Englishman.'

'Ah, sir, look at what trade hath already done for us, and to what splendid heights of prosperity it may raise this country, none can tell,' exclaimed Tanner.

'Oons, sir! I can tell ye what trade has done,' said the squire, wrathfully. 'It hath made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families. England, sir, is a land of plenty—by my soul it is—and would be the happiest country in the world, if we could live within ourselves. I hate trade—I abhor the very name on't. It carries from us to foreign parts the commodities of our own country, and gives us naught in return. We're o'erun wi' foreigners, Dutchmen and Germans, rot

'em! Church and State are in danger from 'em, rot 'em! Howsomever, that don't argufy just now, or I'd undertake to prove that trade will be the ruin of England in the end, and there I could easily beat you quite out o' th' pit; by my soul I could.'

Here the squire vented two or three hearty curses on London merchants, not forgetting the directors of the Bank.

'Old-fashioned notions these, sir—old-fashioned notions,' said Tanner, not heeding the squire's vehemence. 'Why, sir, your wines and your brandy and your spices and all you like best, come from France and Spain and other foreign parts. But you see, sir, you country gentlemen, having received no part of your education in cities, camps, or courts, entertain prejudices which cling to you and cannot be shaken off.'

'I' fackins, but I see, you would have us turn Whigs and Hanoverians, I suppose,' replied Fanshawe, with a savage chuckle; 'but we shan't—no, no, ods bobbers, but we shan't. I've been told you had mighty fine doings in London this last 20th of October. Ads my life! you made a woundy pother over Coronation Day, but,

zooks, I can tell you that in other parts of the country there were different doings; by my soul there were!'

'The demonstrations of joy throughout the kingdom on that auspicious day,' replied Tanner, hastily, 'were as general and as hearty, in proportion, as in London.'

'No, no,* Master Tanner, excuse me, not everywhere,' interposed Charles, seeing that Squire Fanshawe had not his answers at his finger ends. 'Why, at Bristol, they broke all the windows of Whiting, the undersheriff, and served other Whigs the same; and I heard that they cried out lustily, "Sacheverell and the Church, Ormond for ever, and d——n all foreign government." Well, and in Wiltshire great numbers of men marched about with drums, and abused your Whig justices; and at Norwich, when the mayor and aldermen were rejoicing round a bonfire, with cockades in their hats, with "Long live King George," written in gold letters upon them, the people cried out, "D——n King George! pull off their knots! Cheverell, Cheverell! down with the Rump!"

* Oldmixon, at date, 1714.

'Now then, what say ye to that?' exclaimed the squire, slapping his knee triumphantly.

'Say! why, that 'twas rank felony and treason,' replied Tanner, sharply. 'But what have we to expect from such mixtures of Papists and high-flown Protestants? But what matter the efforts of a handful of discontented rabble against the great bulk of the nation, which is evidently inclined to the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover?'

'And at Reading,' continued Charles, evidently amused at the energy of the disputants, and desirous of keeping up the argument, 'the Whigs were assailed at their bonfire with hisses and cries of "No King George! a Stuart!"'

'Heaven,' replied Tanner, not deigning to notice this last remark, 'hath seemed in a particular manner to smile on King George and all the royal family, not only by granting them favourable winds whilst on their passage to this country, but also by causing the sun to shine in its brightest rays on his majesty and the Prince of Wales, both on their entry into London

and on Coronation Day, although the weather, both before and after those days, had been rainy and stormy.'

'Adzooks!' said the squire, scornfully, turning to Tanner, 'I don't see either what your King George can have had to do with the sunshine. But I'll just throw up the window,' he added, 'till dinner is served, for all this argufying makes a man confounded hot.'

Suiting the action to the word, Fanshawe threw open the casement, and suddenly espying a gentleman whom he knew, passing by the inn, be called out:

'Yoicks, Bob! whither art going?'

The person so familiarly addressed made some response, which did not reach the ears of Tanner and Charles, and Fanshawe replied:

'Marry! I would ask thee to come and dine with us. But,' here he leant half his body out of the window, but still his closing remark was plainly audible to Tanner, who smiled contemptuously, 'we've gotten a d——d sneaking Whig up here.'

Presently the squire popped his head in again, and said by way of explanation:

'Twas an old friend of mine, Squire Fenton; a right down Tory, every inch of him, and as good a fellow as ever sat in a saddle.'

Fanshawe now leaned his arms on the window-sill, and surveyed the passers-by at his ease.

'Charles, did'st see that dog, Martin? what a sneaking looking hound 'tis.'

'I presume Martin is no Tory,' said Tanner, with a slight curl of the lip.

'Oh, no,' replied Charles laughing, 'he is a desperate Whig.'

'Confound it!' growled Fanshawe, who had been looking down into the street again, 'there goes a brace on 'em, that cur, Russell, and Snelling with him, as cross-grained a whelp as t'other.'

'Two more Whigs, I suppose,' said Tanner, shrugging his shoulders. 'Pray, sir, he added, addressing himself to Fanshawe, 'is that the Mr. Snelling who hath an estate near Pontefract? I have heard him spoken of as a gentleman of great honour and integrity, and a good churchman.'

'I'll swear 'twas a Whig told you that,

then,' ejaculated the squire, with a round oath. 'Snelling a churchman! Whew! That's a lie! He's one of the rump, sir; he's only an occasional Conformist to qualify him to be a justice; he's a Presbyterian, and I hold, that for the safety of the Church, no subject should be tolerated in any religion differently from the Established ——. A good man, sir, should have a greater abhorrence of Presbyterianism than of Popery, for the first is accursed perverseness, and the other is only idolatry.'

'A fine definition truly,' replied Tanner. 'I see you are for favouring the Papists and relaxing the penal laws. Beware, sir, beware.'

''Tis not Papists, but the Whigs and Presbyterians, and the occasional Conformists and Low Churchmen we have to fear. By my soul, it is!' exclaimed Fanshawe, wrathfully. Then, pausing for a second, he said vehemently, 'Ads my life, I do, sir, Hasn't the worthy Dr. Sacheverell warned us against False Brethren, that is the Low Churchmen? Curse the Toleration Act! The Church

is in danger, sir. My Lord Oxford has told us so, and my Lord Bolingbroke, too.'

'Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, what a world we live in!' said Tanner, in a mock doleful tone. 'The Church is in no danger. Now, it is very strange,' he added, sneeringly, 'that whenever a leading man begins to be apprehensive for the safety of the Church, and to cry out "Church in Danger!" you may be sure that he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one. 'Tis amusing enough to see, as one doth at times, a notorious profligate seized with a sudden tender concern for his religion, and straightway his spleen is converted into zeal, and he goes about, crying, lustily: "Church in Danger, Church in Danger!"'

'Your servant, sir; there you are mistaken. Ods, bobs, you are,' thundered the squire. '"Tis your canting, sneaking Whig, who mouths about religion, and would sell his soul for place and power. There was ne'er a statesman in the Dutchman's time that was not to be bought, and 'twill be the same now.'

'Think ye so? O Lord what a world this is!' said Tanner, ironically.

'Every honest man,' continued the squire, raising his voice, 'should stick by the Church and Sacheverell. Passive obedience and non-resistance should be the religion of every Christian.'

'While he holds a good place, that is to say,' responded Tanner, with a covert smile. 'I tell you how it is, my dear sir, men profess the doctrine of passive obedience till nature rebels against principle—that is, till they are put to the necessity of practising it.'

'That's some more of your Whig logic,' said the squire; ''tis as false as 'tis stupid.'

'Dinner hath been on the table for the last ten minutes, gentlemen,' said Charles, who saw that Fanshawe was becoming very irate, under the combined influences of an empty stomach, and the company of an obstinate and staunch Whig.'

'Marry! you never told me anything that pleased me better,' exclaimed Fanshawe, rising with great alacrity; 'I am well nigh famished; let us fall to at

once, but, i' faith, I must have a whet first, for all this prating talk hath made me quite dry.'

The squire took a whet, in the shape of a huge bumper of strong Rhenish, and then drawing his chair to the table, as the landlord lifted the cover from off a fine sirloin of beef, he astonished the merchant by giving a loud 'view halloo,' as if he were in full chase with the hounds, and then immediately began to do mighty execution with his knife and fork; nor was it till he had transferred many a good slice of the roast beef to his own plate, that the squire began to relax in his exertions and to resume the conversation, which he did now with great appearance of mirth and good humour, the inner man being comforted.

Tanner chanced to make some remarks about foreign countries, and then inquired of Fanshawe whether he had ever travelled.

'Not I, indeed,' was the reply; 'and I don't know what it's good for, except to teach a man how to ride the great horse, to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.'

'That's the creed of a Tory,' said Tanner, in a tone of irony.

'I never knew a traveller in my life,' continued Fanshawe, looking sagely into his empty goblet, 'who didn't end by forsaking his principles; for my part I am like my father before me, I have always been for passive obedience.'

'Ay, to be sure, passive obedience,' chimed in mine host, who had come to assist in the removal of the cloth, and could not refrain from showing the sympathy there was between the minds of himself and the Jacobite squire, 'that's what we good Churchmen should stand up for, with all our might and main against these stiff-necked Presbyterians; and, gentlemen, I'll make bold to tell you, that if I am not very regular a-going to church myself, I makes my dame go; and I hates Presbyterians and the False Brethren, as the blessed Dr. Sacheverell calls 'em, and all sich likes as are enemies to the Church.'

'Poor Dobson,' said Charles, in a tone of affected sympathy, 'and you are infested with a lot of those curs, as Squire Fanshawe *calls them,* in this town.'

'More's the pity,' groaned mine host, pausing at the door, on his way out, 'I've many a time wished I lived in the next county; 'tis the happiest in England.'

'Why so?' asked Tanner, with a contemptuous smile, indicating that he anticipated the answer.

'Why, there's ne'er a Presbyterian in the whole county, except the bishop.'

'This jolly innkeeper hath learned a deal of politics from his parish parson, I suppose,' said Tanner, when Dobson had retired; 'but not a word of religion, I'll warrant, of which, probably, he hath scarce any other notion, than that it consists in hating Presbyterians.'

'Ay, but he hath a great zeal for the prosperity of the Church,' said Charles, laughing; 'he expresses it every hour of the day by repeated bumpers, as his customers drop in.'

''Tis his zeal, then,' said Tanner, drily, 'that hath swelled his body to such a prodigious size, and worked his complexion up to a standing crimson. The drinking of these numerous bumpers is, doubtless, a

way of showing his zeal for religion more suited to his taste than any other. He owns to his not being a church-goer.'

'You see the poor man hath no time to go to church,' said Fanshawe; 'but he is a good man and true, nevertheless; and if you want a proof on't, I'll give you one. Why, he headed a party of good Churchmen a while ago, and assisted at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses.'

'A mob of rioters, you mean,' interposed Tanner.

'Well, well, call 'em what ye list; but he is made of the right stuff, is Dobson. Ods bobbers, he is. I never pass through Knaresboro' without popping into the Royal Oak. And, by-the-bye, he makes capital punch, i' fackins, he does. What say you to having a sneaker o't, Master Tanner?'

'With all my heart, sir,' said Tanner. 'I like not mine host's principles, but 'tis highly probable I shall like his punch.'

So Dobson was called for, and was bid prepare the punch, a command he hastened

with alacrity to comply with, and in a very short time he re-appeared, carrying triumphantly a large steaming bowl of the liquor, which he set down before Squire Fanshawe.

'Come,' said the squire to mine host, 'sit yourself down with us; that's what I call rare stuff.'

Dobson, nothing loth, took his seat at the table, with beaming eyes.

When all the party had a second time filled their goblets, and were enjoying mine host's punch, Tanner, looking slily at Fanshawe, said:

'Now, sir, 'tis but a short time since you were speaking of trade and traders in very hard terms and reviling foreign trade, and yet without it we should not now be enjoying this bowl of punch. Why, sir, water is the only native of England that hath any part in the making of it; the brandy, lemons, sugar, and nutmegs are all foreigners.'

Squire Fanshawe looked somewhat puzzled at this joke of Tanner's, which highly diverted Charles; however, mine host came to the squire's assistance, and

laying his forefinger on the side of his flaming proboscis, said, with a wink and a smile, so irresistibly ludicrous, that even Tanner fell a laughing:

'Why now, gentlemen, for constant use there's no liquor like a cup of good English water,' Here mine host halted a moment and grinned from ear to ear, as he saw the puzzled air of the gentlemen, when they heard such an encomium upon English water come from so unexpected a quarter; but they all joined in the laugh as the jolly landlord proceeded to add in a solemn tone, 'provided always there's malt enough in it.'

Fanshawe declared that this sally deserved an extra bumper of punch, which Dobson accordingly received, and very shortly, the bowl being emptied, he was bid brew another.

The hours wore on, the gentlemen, notwithstanding their hostile politics, becoming very merry over their frequent potations of good punch, and very noisy and hilarious. Fanshawe and Tanner began to propose toasts indiscriminately, each bawling at the *top of his* lungs.

'Sacheverell for ever!' shouted the squire, 'Ormond and the Church!'

'King George and the Protestant Succession!' bawled Tanner; 'Trade for ever!'

'No Hanover, a Stuart,' thundered the squire; 'James by divine right is our king,' and he vented two or three round oaths, as he consigned all Whigs and Presbyterians, and such like rascals, to the devil.

Here Charles hummed a few broken snatches of a Jacobite song:

> 'A health to him that's far away—
> If rogues his father did betray,
> What's that to him that's far away?'

Towards midnight Tanner had fallen back in his chair, and nothing more was heard from him, save a loud and continued snoring, and Fanshawe and Charles were preparing to retire to their respective chambers, when the former consulting his almanack, as it was his habit before going to bed, perceived that the moon was up.

'Hallo,' he suddenly called out to the

landlord, 'have my horse saddled; adad, I will ride home now; he's fresh enough by this time and he's had a good feed.'

'Well, sir, an this be your resolve, you shall not go alone, I'll ride along with you,' said Charles, who seemed, however, puzzled by this unexpected determination on the part of his friend.

'I shall be right glad of your company, my dear lad,' said Fanshawe; 'truth is, I just bethought me, that I never sleep well out of my own bed. Ods bodikins, I don't.'

## CHAPTER XXV.

### AT LANCASTER.

THE rising of 1715, in favour of the exiled House of Stuart, had plunged the nation into the horrors of civil war. In England the High Church Tories and the Catholics were the chief, or rather, only supporters of the cause. The latter, indeed, were ever distinguished by no character so strong as that of loyalty to the royal House of Stuart, under all circumstances possible, not excepting the conflicting questions of religion. They declared that they were bound to obey the king as God's vicegerent upon earth, in all temporal matters, whether he were Protestant or Catholic, and accordingly, they deemed no sacrifice on their part, either of property or of life, too great

to restore the abdicated monarch and his posterity.*

But the High Church Tories, on the other hand, though loud in their expressions of attachment to the cause of the Stuarts, and zealous in proclaiming, in season or out of season, their favourite doctrines of hereditary right, passive obedience, and non resistance, failed miserably in acting up to their professions, when the time for action came.

Hence, the Chevalier de St. George, who had been led to expect a powerful rising in his favour, was destined to see his gallant attempt to regain the throne of his fathers fail. Yet his hopes of success were not unreasonable. Towards the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, the Whig ministry were completely supplanted by the Tories; the Duke of Marlborough was slighted, and the Duke of Ormond taken into favour, while the Earl of Oxford, as Lord Treasurer, seemed to favour the enemies of the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover. The star of Toryism was bright; but what

* 'Lancashire Memorials of 1715,' Chetham Society's Publications, vol. v.

had tended most to give strength to the party was the Sacheverell excitement.

The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance had been revived by the High Church party ever since Queen Anne had come to the throne, and pamphlets advocating these doctrines had been spread throughout the kingdom. The nation, and especially the lower orders, were worked up to fury by reports that the Whigs and Dissenters had formed a design to pull down the Church. It was at this period, when the public mind was so alarmed and inflamed, that Dr. Henry Sacheverell, the rector of St. Saviour's, in Southwark, a violent High Churchman, preached a sermon at St. Paul's, denouncing, in the highest strains, the means used to bring about the 'Happy Revolution,' as odious and unjustifiable, and declaring that the Church was in danger from the favour shown by Government to the Toleration Act, which enabled Dissenters to hold public offices, if they would only take the Sacrament according to the form of the Church of England. These he declaimed against in violent terms, as hypocrites and

'Occasional Conformists,' while his more severe strictures were reserved for 'False Brethren,' or the Low Church party, who would wish to alter the liturgy of the Church, with the view of comprehending Dissenters within its communion; and he exhorted the people to stand up for the Church, and put on the whole armour of God.

Forty thousand copies of the sermon were printed and sent all over the kingdom; but when the impeachment of the preacher by the Commons for high crimes and misdemeanours was resolved on, the nation was thrown into a perfect ferment, and on all sides were to be heard cries of 'Sacheverell and the Church!' 'Church in danger!' 'Down with the Whigs!' 'Sacheverell for ever!' And when at last, at the end of a tedious trial, no greater punishment than silencing the delinquent from the pulpit for three years was inflicted, the High Church Tories considered the leniency of the sentence in the light of a victory over his and their enemies, the Whigs.

But though at the time of the Queen's death the Tories were in full favour, they, nevertheless, then found that they were

still too weak to attempt any serious measures against the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover; so no alternative remained but to comply with the wishes of the more prevalent party of the nation, which was evidently inclined to Whig principles, and submit to the Hanoverian dynasty.

Yet, when King George made his entry into the kingdom, accompanied by a crowd of needy German followers, male and female, and dismissed the Tory ministry, and, in his first speech, declared his intention to preserve the Toleration Act in favour of Dissenters, the indignation of the High Church party knew no bounds.

The reappearance in the pulpit of Sacheverell, whose time of punishment had expired, added fresh fuel to the flame. Riots took place, Dissenting meeting-houses were pulled down, and again were heard throughout the country, the cries of 'Church in danger!' 'Sacheverell and the Church!' 'Ormond and the Church!' 'Down with all foreigners!' 'No Hanover!' 'No King George, but a Stuart!' and such like.

It was during this state of discontent

that the Chevalier de St. George made his unsuccessful attempt to recover his inheritance.

We have made this long preamble because some of the characters in this story favoured, as we have seen, the exiled prince, and afterwards took part in the rising.

Jonathan Hartop was, what he had in truth always been, an admirer and adherent of the Stuarts. But at sixty-two years of age, he had not the buoyancy and eager impulses of youth; he wished well to the cause, but he preferred the ease and comfort of his home-life at Hartop Park to the hardships and fatigues of war. Still, when his son Charles threw himself, heart aud soul, into the cause of the chevalier, with all the warmth and fervour of a true-hearted, generous Jacobite, Jonathan was far from dissuading him from this step, and rather applauded it.

As for Joan, though the blood of Cromwell was in her veins, she, strangely enough, shared her husband's love for the exiled family; and of his two sons, Henry, spite of his resemblance to her second father, *Alderman* Tichburn, held not half so strong

a place in her affections as gay, laughter-loving, reckless Charles, whom she loved none the less, though he was the son of her whilom rival, Agnes Knaresboro'.

Charles was tenderly loved by all his family, not excepting Henry, the Hanoverian, as his father always called him, now a colonel in the dragoons; and, perhaps, the hardest pang these two brothers had to bear was, the thought that they might meet on the field of battle whilst engaged on contrary sides.

Charles' lively and sanguine disposition prevented him, however, dreaming of defeat. He was full of the most brilliant hopes and anticipations, and he had jestingly assured Henry that, should he have the misfortune to be taken prisoner, he would take care and plead his cause with James III.

There were gay doings at Lancaster during the two short November days that the prince's troops were quartered there before the fatal battle of Preston, and gayest of the gay among the handsome young officers, was Charles Hartop.

'The gentlemen soldiers,' says Peter

Clarke, in his journal, 'dressed and trimmed themselves up in their best clothes, for to drink a dish of tea with the ladies of this town. The ladies also here appeared in their best rigging, and had their tea-tables richly furnished for to entertain their new suitors.' Festivity and rejoicing was the order of the day, and Charles may be excused, perhaps, for not speaking too openly of his engagement to Polly, and thus reducing himself prematurely to the condition of a married man, and shutting himself out from the privileges accorded to a disengaged bachelor.

It must not, however, be supposed that Charles wavered, in the least, in his allegiance to dear absent Polly, spite of his gallant attentions to the fair maids of Lancaster. He loved her as well as ever, though he did not go about with gloomy looks and haggard mien, but could find enjoyment in balls and tea-drinkings, and various other diversions, got up for the entertainment of the officers.

Charles formed many intimacies during *this* brief period, but the most earnest was

that which sprang up between himself and the family of a certain Thomas Lawson, a Quaker, and an eminent merchant in Lancaster. The merchant was an old and intimate friend of William Broomfield, the Quaker, whom we have before met with at Hartop Park, when he rendered Jonathan and his Jacobite friends the kindly service of warning them of the approach of the troopers of Dutch William.

Quaker Lawson had also a friend belonging to the same sect as himself, in business as a chemist in Lancaster, and each had an only daughter. Both of these young ladies had formed the acquaintance of Master Charles Hartop; and, if truth were told, the heart of Miss Ann Stout, the chemist's daughter, was somewhat stirred, when in presence of the young Jacobite officer — in her eyes a sort of demigod—though the poor child, for she was but sixteen, had to keep her sentiments of admiration to herself at home, as Friend Stout was no Jacobite; and, though he would not have said so much to Thomas Lawson himself, he considered the latter highly to blame for taking even a passive

part in the movements of these 'sons of Belial.' Yet, though Friend Stout thus stigmatised the Jacobites, he was not a whit more complimentary to their opponents—Hanoverians and Jacobites were all sons of Belial in his opinion.

It was the eve of the departure of the troops from Lancaster. There was a meeting of the Friends at their meeting-house that afternoon, and thither Master Charles Hartop, who had been spending an hour or two at Quaker Lawson's home, insisted on escorting Friend Susan Lawson and Friend Ann Stout, when he found it was their intention to attend the meeting.

A great contrast there was between the two primly-clad young Friends, with their gowns and cloaks of sad-coloured stuff, and their cavalier, with his gay coat, his sword-hilt adorned with a knot of red and white ribbons, and his three-cornered gold-laced hat, decorated with a cockade of the same colours, these being the badges of the English, to distinguish them from the Scotch soldiers, whose colours were blue and white. Only in point of looks were *the* three matched; for if Charles was

handsome, his companions were two of the loveliest girls in Lancaster; not unconscious either were they of their attractions, and their glossy locks were not so inexorably hidden away, but what a stray curl would peep out, here and there.

On their way to the meeting-house, they passed the frowning walls of John of Gaunt's Castle, looking more dark and sombre than ever in the waning light of the November afternoon, while the wind moaning, through the leafless branches of the trees, sounded like a dirge in the ears of the young soldier. For a few brief moments, an unwonted depression stole over him, a kind of foreshadowing, such as occurs to all of us, at times, of coming evil. He quickly shook off the unwonted feeling, however, and listened patiently to a eulogium from the two fair Friends upon George Fox, who had been confined in a room in the oldest part of the Castle: 'For the sake of his testimony for the truth,' said the Quakeresses, 'he loved not his own life, but underwent cruel mockings, buffetings, stonings, whippings, scoffings, revilings, and imprisonments, and rejoiced

that he was counted worthy to suffer either more or less.'

At length they reached the meeting-house, a quaint old-fashioned looking building in the middle of a garden, full of fine old trees, stripped now of their foliage, which encumbered the ground in decaying heaps of yellow, withered leaves.

Ascending a few steps, Charles and his companions entered the meeting-house, a one-storyed building, with grey stone walls. A goodly number of Friends, male and female, were assembled, the former occupying one side of the room and the latter the other.

Charles dropped into a seat near the entrance as quietly as he could, for a weighty silence reigned around, which it seemed like sacrilege to disturb.

No one spoke, no one stirred; and Charles, worn out by the unusual dissipation of the last two days, and soothed by the dead stillness, had nigh fallen asleep, when he was startled into consciousness by finding that one of the Friends had risen from his seat, and was addressing the meeting. This Friend was *none* other than William Stout.

Friend Stout's discourse was upon the horror and sinfulness of war; and he reminded his hearers that the Spirit had led them out of the world's ways, manners, and customs, and that they must shun the libertines of the world and loose, heady, contentious persons, and carefully keep their hands and hearts clean from bloodshed and carnal strife, and hold themselves aloof especially from the Amalekites and Amorrhites, as he styled the two contending parties.

Charles smiled in the obscurity of his corner. Friend Stout was harsh and loud in his condemnations, and yet, short as had been the young soldier's acquaintance with him, he knew him to be at heart a kind, Christian-hearted man.

So soon as Friend Stout had finished his discourse, he clapped his hat on his head, and the other friends rising up, followed his example, thus intimating that the meeting was at an end.

At the door, the young ladies found an apprentice of Friend Stout, with a lantern, who had come to escort Ann home, as her father intended remaining a while to confer

with some of the elders. Charles, however, gallantly insisted on accompanying her also to her father's house, but he said jocosely to Friend Lawson, whilst Susan and Ann were taking leave of each other:

'Marry, this apprentice is an ill-favoured fellow; friend Stout hath not chosen him for his good looks.'

'His looks are his recommendation, friend Charles,' replied Lawson, shrugging his shoulders and laughing. 'Friend Stout hath an abundance of worldly means, and Ann will be well dowered, but her father desireth that her husband should possess an equal share of wealth, and to avoid any chance of Ann conceiving any liking for an apprentice, her father always takes care to have none but such as are ugly and ill-favoured.'

'Poor Ann,' said Charles, in a tone of mingled jest and compassion. Then he offered his arm to the fair Quakeress, and feeling how it trembled as she was drawn to his side, he began to experience a sensation of remorse that he had tacitly deceived her, by not letting her know that his heart was already given to another; and he re-

solved that if so, this night should end the deception.

Charles and Ann parted from the Lawsons, and followed, for a few moments in silence, in the wake of the apprentice, who slouched along before them, bearing the lanthorn aloft.

'Thou wilt soon be far away from Lancaster, and thou wilt forget us,' said Ann, in a sad tone, 'thou and thy brother officers.'

'We shall never forget the boundless hospitality we have received from you all,' replied Charles, in an earnest tone; 'we should indeed be ungrateful could we do so. Whatever be our fates, whether success or defeat, we shall cherish the remembrance of our kind reception here, especially the attentions lavished upon us by the fair matrons and maids of Lancaster.'

'You will see fairer faces, that will efface ours from your minds,' replied Ann; 'and then you soldiers are so gay and light-hearted, you do not feel partings.'

'We shall not see fairer faces, go where we will, than those of the lovely maidens

of Lancaster,' replied Charles, gallantly; 'and,' he added, 'I should not have left this old town heart-whole, I believe, had I that commodity in my own keeping, but it has long been given elsewhere.'

'My foot must have tripped over a stone, sure,' exclaimed poor Ann, uttering a very little harmless untruth, to account for the start she had given, caused by the sudden pang of disappointment that had shot through her tender young heart.

For a few moments, she felt almost bewildered, then angry and vexed with Charles, and she was tempted to tell him to leave her, and that she would go home with the apprentice. Then, again, she said to herself, in bitter self-reproach:

''Tis my own fault; he never paid me more attention than he hath done to others—'tis his nature to be kind and courteous.'

So when Charles bade her farewell at the gate of her father's garden, she spoke in her usual tone, and her last words were:

''Tis not like we shall ever meet again, still less that thou wilt ever stand in need

of aid from me; but strange things happen in this life, and if thou wert in any ill plight, and I could help thee, then wouldst thou find a true friend in Ann Stout.'

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### IN LANCASTER CASTLE.

NOVEMBER had passed with its fogs, its gloom, and its mournful memories of summer, in the shape of decayed leaves and the blackened stalks of once blooming flowers, and December also was drawing to an end, with clear skies and red sunshine; but the earth was bound in fetters of ice, and the days were bitterly, fiercely cold.

The good people of Lancaster were busy making preparations for the celebration of Christmas, and gaiety and feasting were soon to be the order of the day, but within the city and without, there were heavy hearts, tears flowed, and prayers went up to Heaven for the unfortunates who lay in *such* ill-plight in Lancaster Castle, the loyal

and brave, but ill-fated men who joined in the rising of 1715.

It was over now—the ill-starred design. That gloomy 13th day of November had closed, as well with surrender of the gallant little army of the Prince at Preston as with the fatal battle of Sheriff-Muir in the Highlands of Scotland. Much blood had been spilt, and more was yet to flow, ere the inexorable vengeance of King George could be appeased.

Again, many of the officers and soldiers who had enrolled themselves under the banner of James III. were within the walls of the old town of Lancaster. But, alas! how altered their condition since those brief days of gaiety and festivity they had recently spent there.

There were heavy hearts and weeping eyes in the old Manor House of Hartop Park and in Will Clifton's home at Dacre Banks, for amongst the prisoners lying in Lancaster Castle was gay, handsome, accomplished Charles Hartop, and who should be the officer in command of the dragoons appointed to guard the prisoners —of whom there were a large number—but Colonel Henry Hartop.

In that fact, however, rested the sole hope of Jonathan Hartop and his wife, and of poor, half-distraught Polly. Though he had received not a line of writing, no word or message from the Hanoverian colonel, Jonathan did not lose hope, spite of Madam Henry's sinister allusions to the conduct of the stern Lucius Junius Brutus, and the hard necessity that some persons found themselves under of imitating it. He knew the great love that existed between the two brothers, and he said:

'Polly, dry your eyes, child; never heed Katherine's croaking. I know Henry Hartop; he'll be no Brutus.'

As the days wore on, however, strange doubts occurred sometimes to the poor prisoner. He marvelled much that his brother never came to visit him, to tell him that he would use his influence to save him, that he was making every exertion in his favour. He said to himself:

'Yes, that is how I should have acted had he been prisoner to King James, instead of my being the captive of King George.'

Yes, so Charles would have acted, and

probably, would have at once obtained his brother's release; but Henry knew with whom he had to deal. He knew that King George was a foreigner, German, and with feelings of regard only for Germans, selfish, implacable, and coarse and boorish in his manner, and so Henry Hartop, no Brutus, as we shall see, went about his work in his own way.

Friend Thomas Lawson's house stood in St. Mary's Gate, a narrow steep thoroughfare, overshadowed by the frowning walls of John of Gaunt's Castle at its upper end, and descending into the town at the lower extremity.

Lawson's house was tall and substantially built, and within, it was very commodious and comfortable. The dining-parlour looked particularly pleasant and inviting, one intensely cold night, some three or four days before Christmas, with the light and warmth of the huge fire, the heavy curtains of red serge drawn over the frosted casements, and an abundant repast spread on the table.

The little party gathered around Lawson's board, however, did but scant justice

to the good cheer placed before them; they were engaged in discussing a question of great and serious moment, and all looked grave and troubled.

There were present Friend Lawson's wife and daughter, and Colonel Henry Hartop.

'I think,' said the Colonel, looking thoughtfully at Lawson, 'that no plan could have been better conceived than the one we have at last hit upon. It promises more likely to be successful than any other that hath occurred to my mind. I think you expect Master Stout to-night, do you not, and his excellent daughter? In truth, I know not what we should have done without them.'

'Nor I, Friend Hartop,' replied Lawson; 'Stout hath been an excellent go-between; he is as good a Hanoverian as thyself, and thus he hath been better able to concoct plans and make arrangements than I could have ventured upon attempting, for thou knowest that I am rather suspected of an inclining towards the Jacobites, and so I am too closely watched.'

'I know you are; and as I am in the

same plight, I came here muffled up in a cloak,' replied the colonel. 'True, I am not suspected of being a Jacobite, but the brother of Charles Hartop is credited, doubtless, with a wish to save him. My every movement is known. Did I assist in the scheme for his escape, other than passively, it would be sufficient to ensure its failure; thus I am, perforce, compelled to keep an absolute silence, and to leave the playfellow of my boyhood to imagine, perhaps, that I am abandoning him to his fate.'

'His doubts of thee will soon be removed,' replied Lawson, smiling. 'So,' he added, as the door opening admitted friend Stout and his daughter, 'here be our trusty friends and allies. Come near the fire, and take some warm sack before we enter on business, for thou and thy daughter Ann have brought an atmosphere of cold and ice in with you.'

'Ay, 'tis a bitter night,' replied Friend Stout, as he seated himself near the fire with a sigh of relief, 'but our affair is weighty and will not bide; 'tis best to have all straight before us. The gaoler is well

content with his bribe, but,' he added, looking towards Colonel Hartop, 'there is still the sentry; however, I will take deliberation, and make as good a bargain with him as I can. I know he is to be bought; but I fancy the figure will not be a light one.'

'I care not how high,' exclaimed Hartop. 'I should reckon my brother's life cheaply bought were it at the cost of half my fortune.'

'Ay, but 'tis a sorry thing,' said the chemist, in a tone of business-like regret, 'and a great concern is upon my spirits to think of so much good money thrown away, to say naught of much anxiety and great and weighty exercises undergone; and all because heady and contentious men, puffed up in their fleshly minds, must needs go fight; and then, lo! even a man of peace, like Friend Lawson, who hath received the inshinings of the spirit and cast off Achan with his Babylonish garments,' and here the speaker took a side glance at the scarlet coat, faced with sea-green, of the colonel, 'must have a finger in the pie.'

'Come, Friend Stout, don't be quarrel-

some,' said Lawson, laughing, 'though I'm not of the same opinion as to who should rule over us.'

'Why, as for that, I care not whether Friend George or Friend James sitteth upon the throne,' replied Stout, contemptuously. 'I would thou wouldst take my advice, and that is, keep thy garments clean, and neither trouble thee whether Rehoboam or Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, be the ruler; but learn to be as indifferent about their kings as I am.'

'These are sentiments which neither King George nor the Pretender would admire,' said Colonel Hartop, laughing.

'"Tis common sense, Friend Hartop,' replied Stout, dryly. 'We, who are men of peace, and strive not with carnal weapons, should let the sons of Belial knock their heads together, without troubling ourselves anent the matter; but, however, we are met here to retire in spirit and take further deliberation upon the matter of the escape of thy brother, for whom thy father and thyself are doubtless in much brokenness of heart, and under a great weight and exercise. All the details are arranged.

Friend Lawson has doubtless communicated to thee Ann's proposal that Friend Charles shall take the place of my 'prentice for a few days, provided he succeeds in escaping from the castle. Truly, Ann hath a steady mind, and is solid in her deportment and carriage.'

'Yes, 'tis an excellent idea of yours, Mistress Ann,' said the colonel, bowing towards that young lady, 'but Master Stout,' he added, addressing the latter, 'what do you mean to do with your apprentice?'

'I have told him he can visit his family, at Kendal, for a few days,' replied Stout, 'as this is the time of the year called Christmas by the world, and he will start off on the morning of Christmas-eve, so called. In the evening of that day, though I do not often enter into familiarity with worldly people, wherein there often lieth a snare, I go to see thy brother, and I stay to drink a glass of wine with him; then he escapes from the house of thraldom, if all works well, and if wisdom and counsel are with us, and my daughter will tarry for him in that part of the church, so called,

which is named the churchyard, and he can then bring her home, and we shall give out that the new apprentice was known to Friend Lawson, and so came to this house on his first arriving in the town.'

'All excellently planned,' said Colonel Hartop, 'but a graveyard is a sorry place for a maiden to tarry in at night.'

'I shall be quite safe, and can wait retired in spirit there,' replied Ann, demurely and very composedly; ''tis not the dead we have to fear, but the living.'

Some further conversation passed between the colonel and the kind-hearted Quakers, and then the little party broke up.

Christmas-eve arrived, a bitterly cold day, the sky obscured with piled-up masses of yellow cloud, heavy with snow, and a north-east wind blowing.

Darkness closed in at four o'clock; there was no moon to be seen that night, nor a single star, and the wind rose to a gale, so that the branches of the trees creaked and groaned, old signboards in the town swung to and fro with an ominous clatter, and the wind thundered over the castle in a manner calculated to deaden every other sound.

Never could night have been more favourable for the attempt which Charles Hartop was about to make.

Lawson had been several times to see Charles during his imprisonment, under pretext of bringing him money from his father, which, in fact, he had done; but he had brought him also, on one occasion, a more important article, namely, a small steel file, which he had secreted in the sole of his shoe. The clever Quaker had thus eluded the vigilance of the gaolers, who searched all visitors before allowing them to see the prisoners. As Mr. Pitts, the keeper of the prison, usually let the latter and their friends have a few minutes' private conversation together, Lawson had found it easy to convey the file to Charles.

Just at the hour of seven, Master Stout, bearing a lantern, for the streets were not lighted at that time, made his way up from St. Mary's Gate to the Castle. He halted in front of the grand old pile, with its huge doorway of black oak, deep down in an archway under a recess. Lights twinkled in the casement of the row of old cottage-

houses facing the Castle; very old houses indeed they were, even in those days, but now, in the nineteenth century, the gable-ends, the deep overhanging roofs, and the grey limestone-walls are crumbling to decay.

Stout now approached the huge doorway, with the stone statue of old John of Gaunt looking down from above it. The solid walls of the Castle, pierced with loopholes, looked black and threatening, looming out like a darker shadow from the darkness of the night, and only a ray of light gleamed out, here and there, from a few of the small windows, strongly barred with iron.

Friend Stout soon gained admission, and was conducted as usual to the strong room, in which Charles was confined, in the house of the keeper, Mr. Pitts.

Here he found Charles and a Mr. Anderton, who was also a prisoner, and was confined in the adjoining room. Pitts, the keeper, was very obliging, and allowed the prisoners to visit each other in their respective rooms, and also to see some of their friends. They returned his civility by inviting him, on such occasions, to take

wine with them, an invitation which he willingly complied with, only he was ever careful to drink very moderately, so as not to render himself incapable of performing his duty, and thus give the prisoners the chance of escape. So when Friend Stout entered the room, he found the two gentlemen and Pitts seated round a table, near a blazing fire, enjoying their wine.

'Well, Master Stout, what will you take?' Claret or sack?' asked Charles.

'Sack for me, Friend Charles. Such nights as these, one stands in need of something to warm and comfort the stomach. Claret is a cold wine, Friend Pitts; I marvel thou shouldst drink it.'

'Nay, he drinks little enough of any wine,' said Anderton, laughing; 'he is over temperate.'

'Nay, nay, my dear sir,' replied Pitts briskly, and looking knowingly around him, 'I know my duty; I'm a sly old fox, I can tell ye—I shan't be caught napping. I wish all my prisoners well and that they may get out of their troubles, but they shan't slip through my fingers as long as they are in my custody, I promise you.'

'No fear of that,' said Charles, poking Stout in the ribs: 'why, Master Pitts sleeps with one eye open, or both, and his slumbers are as light as a cat's, I'll warrant ye.'

Pitts laughed hugely at this sally; and then Stout, making the first step in the real business of the evening, observed:

'Thomas Lawson will be here presently, Friend Charles; he hath some money to give thee from thy father, who thinkest that thou mightest be in need of some things comfortable this cold weather.'

'Master Lawson coming now! The devil!' exclaimed Charles. 'I' faith, I do need some things comfortable. Look at my breeches, nearly worn out, and with this rent in them.'

'Friend Charles,' interposed Stout, 'let not the libertine spirit appear in thee. The path of vanity and death——'

'Master Pitts,' said Charles, interrupting the speaker in his meditated rebuke of all profane expressions, 'can you lend me a pair of your breeches?—we are just of a size.'

Pitts immediately called to his man, and

bid him fetch a pair of those necessary habiliments, and with which the latter quickly returned.

Then Charles, with careless and jocular indifference, bid Pitts and the other gentlemen not drink all the wine whilst he dressed himself, and retired into a little adjoining closet, in which stood his bed, not, however, to make his toilette, but to do the work of his escape.

Two or three of the strong iron bars of the window had been already filed through, so that they could be easily removed. The filing of the bars had been effected by Charles at intervals since he had received the file, and to drown the noise of the work he sang Jacobite songs, as if he were merely whiling away the tedious hours.

On closing the door of the little closet behind him, he at once fixed a peg in the latch, so that it could not be opened. Then, with the cords of his bed and the sheets, which he had already torn up in strips, he formed a rope by which he slipped down from the window into the court-yard. Here the way was clear for him, for the sentinel had stationed himself

at a convenient distance, so that he might neither see nor hear what was going on at the Castle Yard.

In a moment Charles was at the outer door with a key in his hand.

Friend Stout had bribed one of the gaolers with a good round sum to give him a wax impression of the key, from which a smith, for a consideration, was easily induced to forge another. The Quaker found means to convey the latter to the gaoler, who, without much difficulty, contrived to give it to Charles.

The new key turned easily in the lock, the door swung open, the fugitive passed out, closed it noiselessly behind him, and was gone into the darkness of the night, whilst Pitts sat enjoying his wine, in blissful ignorance, that, spite of his being a cunning old fox, a prisoner had slipped through his fingers, in a manner, under his very eyes.

As the minutes sped on, however, Pitts awoke to the consciousness that his prisoner was a long time donning his habiliments, so he got up and rapped briskly at the door of the closet, saying :

'Come, Master Hartop, make haste; Master Lawson will be here directly.'

Of course, Pitts received no answer; then, becoming suddenly uneasy, he tried the door, found it fast, and flinging himself against it with all his weight, he burst it in with some difficulty and after a little delay. One glance around revealed to him the fact that the closet was empty, and two dislodged bars and the open window showed which way the fugitive had gone.

Back Pitts rushed into the room, crying out in dolorous accents, 'I am undone!—I am undone! O Lord, I am undone! Hartop is gone!'

Down-stairs he flew, followed by Stout, who acted his part of surprise and astonishment wonderfully well, calling out as he went, 'A sorrowful exercise hath fallen upon thee, Friend Pitts, but be of steady mind and quiet in spirit.'

The keeper's first act was to rush into the court-yard and call for the key of the door. This was at once forthcoming; indeed, it was hanging in its usual place. But, alas, for Pitts! when he essayed to put it in the lock, Charles had left the

duplicate key in the door; and when Pitts communicated the intelligence to Stout that the door was locked on the outside, the latter exclaimed, in well-feigned compassion and grief:

'Alack! alack! a great weight and exercise hath come upon us. Was ever such an escape as this heard of? The prisoner hath flown, and made his keeper a prisoner. How various are the exercises this uncertain world affords! Lack-a-day! how am I to get out? Verily, I shall have to remain all night in this house of thraldom.'

The prisoner, meanwhile, with fair Ann Stout tucked under his arm, was making his way safely down St. Mary's Gate.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE FUGITIVE.

THE snow had lain since Christmas, over the fields and green pastures, surrounding the quaint old village of Dacre Banks; but towards the end of January there came a sudden thaw, ushered in by a gale from the south-west, which raged with great violence. The waters of the Nidd rose unusually high, and the broad stream swept along with considerable violence, seething and foaming over the stones in its bed.

Late in the evening, on the second day of the thaw, a young man, clad as a yeoman, in a Manchester velvet coat, leather breeches, grey ribbed stockings, and stout shoes, approached the bridge which crosses the river at Dacre Banks—an old narrow

bridge, its stones grey and moss-grown, with two little angular recesses in the walls, one on either side.

The young man paused for a moment in one of them, and looked back at the village, or towards the portion of it which he had left; for Dacre Banks is a straggling hamlet, and a handful of cottages, comprised within its boundaries, were scattered about on the opposite bank of the Nidd.

Charles Hartop, for he was the pedestrian, looked wistfully and earnestly at the ivy-covered walls and latticed casements, gleaming in the moonbeams, of Will Clifton's house.

His heart was there, with his loved Polly, to whom he must soon bid farewell, for perhaps an indefinite period, as every exertion was being made by his father and other relatives to secure his escape to France. So long as he remained in England he was constantly in danger; for though the solitary farm-house at Brimham Crags, his place of abode at present, was a tolerably safe refuge, still the bloodhounds of King George were keen of scent, and there was no real security for a

Jacobite who had been in arms on English soil.

Very successfully had Charles effected his escape from Lancaster. He had sojourned for some days in Friend Stout's house, and equipped in the blue apron of the ill-favoured apprentice, he had boldly stationed himself behind the counter and dispensed drugs, under Stout's direction, with such unrivalled courteousness and gallantry to the fair sex, young and old, that all marvelled how Friend Stout, with so pretty a daughter as Ann, could even temporarily have taken so dangerously handsome and fascinating an apprentice into his house.

Then it had been settled by Charles's friends that he should travel into Yorkshire and tarry for awhile, not at his father's house, which would inevitably always be liable to be searched, but at the lonely farm at Brimham Crags, occupied by an old man and his family, tenants of Clifton, kind-hearted honest people, and Jacobites themselves.

So Charles bade farewell to poor Ann Stout. Ann bore bravely her first disap-

pointment in love; nevertheless, her shrewd father had some suspicion of the state of her feelings, for he would now and again say, with a steady look at his daughter:

'Ann, thou hast a great concern upon thy spirits;' and once he even went so far as to make the remark, 'We who are called from out of the world's ways and customs, should have a great fear and backwardness to enter into familiarity with the world's people; for, truly, their speech and their carriage are frothy and light and airy.' But, in after years, fair Ann Stout, though the happy wife of a worthy Quaker and the mother of blooming children, yet would drop a tear, at times, to the memory of poor Charles Hartop.

At last, Charles left the bridge, and began monnting a very steep ascent, forming a kind of lane, bordered on either side by thick hedges. As he laboured up the precipitous stony road, the branches of the trees swayed to and fro, and creaked and groaned, as the wild gusts of wind swept through them, and at times, to the morbid fancy of the young man—for he was full of

ill-defined fears and unwonted apprehensions that night—they seemed like the grizzly arms of weird spectral forms waving him back, or bending towards each other, as though to form a barrier to stay his further progress. To his diseased imagination, the piled-up masses of black cloud, drifting rapidly across the sky, assumed ominous and fantastic shapes; and as he ascended higher and higher, the very nature of the scenery helped to increase the gloomy train of his thoughts.

The elms, and chestnuts, and oaks became dwarfed and stunted, and through tangled thickets of thorn there were visible, here and there, tracts of bare and desolate-looking land, grown over with long coar e grass and tufts of gorse or thistles. The hedges were replaced by grey rugged limestone walls, and a plantation of firs, dark and gloomy, rose up and bounded the summit of the ascent.

Turning to the left, Charles pursued his way to the rocks. By the roadside tall thistles grew strong and high; but the open moorland had now lost the magic covering of purple bloom, that had rendered

it so lovely that summer day, when Charles had asked Polly to keep the promise of her childhood. Like advanced sentinels of the giant array, looming in the distance, huge masses of rock lay scattered about at intervals. Following the narrow winding path, covered thickly with bright yellow sand, Charles at length reached a point where three roads branched off, one leading to the lone farm-house lying far beneath the rocks.

For a few moments, Charles stood to gaze at the gigantic crags, a moisture in his eyes, as he thought of the blissful hours he had spent there, on that summer day, with his loved Polly.

But now the rocks looked strange and weird-like, some portions of them lying in dark, deep shadow, and other huge masses standing out in bold relief, like mighty phantoms, in the moonshine.

The wind and storm increasing in violence, he hurriedly turned away, with a grave and thoughtful look on his face, with a wistful backward glance at earth and sky and rocks, silvered here and there with the moonbeams, and soon disappeared from

sight down the narrow precipitous path leading to the solitary farmhouse.

He knew not that his footsteps had been dogged, that the enemy was on his track. But a spy had been hovering about Dacre Banks for some days, and now he made sure of his prey.

This man, as he watched the retreating form of Charles Hartop, said to himself that he would bring the soldiers betimes in the morning to the farmhouse whilst the victim still slept, and then he should receive the Hanoverian gold—the blood-money.

But come they early or late, their grim errand will be futile, and a mightier power shall have rescued the brave, true-hearted young Jacobite for ever from their grasp.

Whilst the storm, now rising to a hurricane, was raging on the heights of Brimham, the spy made his way down to Dacre Banks, and, undeterred by the tempest of wind and rain, took horse at once to Knaresboro', where his allies, an officer and some troopers of Honywood's dragoons, were quartered at the house of Squire Thornton, a Whig magistrate.

And all through that dreadful, wintry

night the farmer's dog howled dismally; and Polly Clifton, who had wept herself to sleep, dreamt a strange dream, which led her at an early hour in the morning, to the lone farmhouse below the crags.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE ESCAPE.

EARLY in the morning of the day following that, on which Charles Hartop had paid his evening visit to Will Clifton's house, Polly appeared in her father's room, pale and tearful, and equipped for walking, in cloak and hood.

'Polly, child, where art going thus early?' asked Clifton in amazement, as he sat up in bed, and took his daughter's hand, which he found icy cold, and trembling with agitation.

'I must go at once to the farmhouse, father,' replied Polly, supporting herself against the bedside, and gazing at her father with a look of mingled grief and terror. 'I cannot rest without going; I have had a dream about Charles, and my

heart misgives me that some evil hath befallen him.'

'Tush, child, you should have more sense than to pay regard to an idle dream. The imagination oft runs riot when we sleep. Being so full of anxiety about Charles hath affected your health, and of a consequence your slumbers; and then the tempest that hath raged all night was enough to haunt one's dreams. The wind seems to have fallen now, has it not?'

'Yes, it is a perfect calm this morning,' replied Polly. 'Pray heaven no harm may have befallen Charles during the storm,' she added, with a shiver. 'Do not keep me, dear father; I dreamed the same dream thrice, and something strange hath happened, I know.'

'Well, an you will go, you must,' said Clifton, pettishly. 'Richard Mansell shall go with you. But first you must take a dish of tea, and something to break your fast, or I shall be having you ill; and, meanwhile, tell me, child, what was this dream?'

Very reluctantly Polly consented to take the tea, and then, with quivering lips, eyes

brimful of tears, and voice often inarticulate from emotion, she said :

'I think 'twas the gale lulled me to sleep at last, though I kept awake till long after midnight, thinking of Charles, and praying heaven to guard him from his enemies.'

'Ay, just as I thought,' interrupted Clifton. 'You went to sleep thinking about Charles, and then you heard the roaring of the wind, and in your dreams the noise was transformed, I suppose, into volleys from the carbines of those devilish Hanoverians.'

''Twas not so,' replied Polly, shaking her head ; 'in my dream I heard no noise and saw no spectacle of horror; 'twas a sweet and pleasing vision in itself. I dreamt that I was walking with Charles towards the crags on a beautiful warm summer day, like that on which he asked me whether I loved him and would be his wife. The sky was as blue, the sunshine as bright as then, and the heather was in full bloom. We turned down the path leading to the farm, and there came to us a sweet smell of new-mown hay, and when I

looked I saw on my right a field, and in it a rick, just stacked, as it seemed to me. I stood still to breathe the fragrance of the air, and in a moment Charles had gone from my side. I looked about for him, and suddenly discovered him standing under the haystack. He looked at me very earnestly, but very sadly, and then beckoned me to come to him; but just as I reached the gate leading into the field, he vanished from my sight. I thought he must have gone suddenly behind the stack, and I ran quickly all round it, but could see him nowhere, nor in all the field, which was of good extent; and so it seemed to me most strange whither he could have gone, and whilst I was pondering upon the matter I awoke; but it was only to fall asleep again, and dream the same dream. I was so full of fear and perplexity, that I resolved to sleep no more, but after awhile my eyes grew heavy and I slumbered again, and again I dreamed that Charles vanished from my sight, as though he had melted into the air.'

'Well, well, child, haste thou to the

farm, and then thou wilt be satisfied,' said Clifton, 'and I'll follow, by-and-by.'

Though he would scarce have admitted it to himself, Clifton was painfully impressed by his daughter's account of her dream and her agitated and troubled demeanour, so he dressed himself more quickly than usual, and appeared in the parlour just as Polly was finishing her dish of tea. At his wish, she delayed setting out till he should himself be ready to accompany her, and as he hurried over his morning meal, she had not long to wait.

The road, as they passed along, was strewn with relics of the gale. Branches had been swept from the trees, and lay scattered on the ground in every direction, and the thatch, and, even in some cases, the very roofs, had been torn from the cottages in Dacre Banks.

Together the father and daughter toiled up the steep ascent. They passed the plantation of firs, turned towards the crags, and soon reached the spot where Charles had halted on the previous night, but Polly stayed not her steps a moment. Her

feverish anxiety and agitation seemed to increase, as she ran, rather than walked, down the steep winding path leading to the farmhouse. At last, a bend in the road brought them within sight of it, and Polly's speed was such, now, that her father could scarce keep up with her. Panting, breathless, and trembling, she reached the door of the old grey limestone house. But early as she was, others had arrived before her. The door stood open, and the large roomy, flagged kitchen, into which it led, was occupied by some half-dozen troopers and their officer, the latter being engaged in close conversation with old Falconer, the tenant of the farm.

'My prophetic dream!' ejaculated Polly, as she leant upon her father to save herself from falling.

Clifton, seeing that the officer had perceived him and his daughter, now entered the room, and seated poor Polly, whose trembling limbs could scarce support her, on the long settle that stood against the wall.

'Squire Clifton, I believe,' said the officer, doubtfully.

'At your service, sir,' replied the latter, in a somewhat haughty tone.

'You will be at no loss to guess my errand here, Squire Clifton. We are in search of Charles Hartop, who was tracked from your house to this, last night.'

Polly uttered an ejaculation of grief and terror, but the old farmer said, emphatically:

'He was never seen enter this house last night, that I'll swear. His bed was never slept in; ye have seen that for yourselves.'

'He is not in the house just now, that is certain,' said the officer, 'else he would not have escaped us; but I make no doubt you have concealed him in some of the outbuildings, and if you don't give him up you shall be severely punished. However, your cares will be in vain; he cannot elude the troopers who are searching for him without. They will soon find him.'

The words had barely passed the officer's lips when one of the troopers entered the room very abruptly, followed by one of the farm-servants, looking white and scared.

The trooper whispered something to the

officer, who started, hesitated a moment, and then walked out at the door.

Clifton and his daughter at once prepared to follow him, but the old farmer, who had also received a whispered communication from his servant, laid his withered hand on the squire's arm, and looking pityingly at Polly, said:

'Do not let the young lady go wi' us, sir.'

'Nay, do not stop me—I must go—he beckoned me to come,' exclaimed Polly, in an agitated tone, as she followed rapidly in the wake of the officer.

The latter walked on to some little distance, to a field strewn with the relics of a haystack, blown down by the wind on the previous night. A little group of farm-servants and troopers were gathered together near the gates, and the farmer's dog was standing near them, scared. They moved to one side as the officer approached, and so disclosed to view an object they were all gazing at, the prostrate form of a man with limbs stiff and rigid, and a face white and still—white, as though chiselled from marble—and the sun, which had just shone

out, showed more clearly that the face was that of a dead man, and the dead man was Charles Hartop.

There was an air of calm, sweet, repose on the countenance, which showed that, whatever the fashion of his death, it had come so swiftly as to cause no pain or agony.

'Lack-a-day!' exclaimed the farmer, wringing his hands, 'the rick must have been blown down whilst the poor gentleman was sheltering, or maybe passing under it when the storm was at its worst; and that's why the dog howled all night, and would not keep away from the rick this morning.'

'This is a sad affair,' said the officer, gazing with real sorrow at poor Polly, who stood as though in a trance, with her eyes fixed on the face of her dead lover; 'but 'tis for the best,' he added, in a more consolatory tone; 'the unfortunate young man must have died on the scaffold.'

Polly, who, though she had heard the words of the officer, appeared unconscious of the presence of those around her, now knelt down beside the form of the dead

man, and parting the damp locks of hair caressingly back from his forehead, she said, with an air of calm, resigned sorrow, inexpressibly touching:

'Sleep on, my beloved! I prayed that thou mightest escape from thy enemies, and the Lord hath saved thee in his own good fashion!'

# PART VI.

'The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound——'

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### 'AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.'

AMONGST the most interesting features of York are its old bars or gates, as peculiar to this city, as the Rows to Chester. Micklegate Bar, like all the other Bars, is built of white limestone. The stones are massive and strong, the work of ages long past, when the metropolis of the north was yet in its infancy. The Bar itself is little

changed, even at the present day. The solid stone forming its three archways shows no signs of decay, and there are yet the six small windows in the three tiers, serving to give light to the little rooms over the central archway. These casements are covered with a thick coating of dust, and in some the small panes of glass are broken, yet from them, or from the loop-holes in the solid stone-work, in the stormy days of old, the brave defenders of York would watch the approach of the enemy, or shoot down upon them as they tried to scale the steep incline and reach the walls, or carry the gate by assault. Approaching the bar from the city, there stood on the right hand side of the road, in the year 1723, a tall old house, with a steep roof, slated with the flat red tiles yet to be seen on the old houses in York. This house had for some years past been tenanted, each successive winter, by Esquire Hartop of Hartop Park, who always arrived with his family towards the end of autumn, and stayed in York till spring.

He had become, of late years, more enamoured than ever of hunting, which

had always been a favourite diversion of his, and so he brought his hunters along with him. At York he was able to attend more meets than at Aldboro', and to enjoy also a gayer life than he could lead in the heart of the country, for Jonathan loved not the life of the recluse, spite of his seventy years. But he hardly looks his age, he is hale and rosy and hearty, as nimble and dapper a little gentleman as ever, and his friends say that he looks younger instead of older, as he goes on in life.

It is well that Jonathan loves society, for in truth, he has enough of it, and, perhaps, sometimes could afford to do with a little less.

Death has made many gaps in his household, but young fresh faces have come to fill them up.

He has lost Joan, the fond, faithful woman, who loved him from her childhood, and with whom he had spent so many happy years of wedded life, and she sleeps in the family vault of the old church at Aldboro'. He mourned her loss very sincerely; but of his three wives, she whose memory lay enshrined in the tenderest

depths of his heart was fair and ill-fated Agnes Knaresboro', and as he had loved her the most dearly of his three spouses, so of all his children the son born to him by her, the gay, handsome, frolicsome Charlie of the past, had been the dearest to him. They were both gone now, mother and son, and Henry was dead also, leaving nine children behind him, who with their widowed mother often came to share grandfather's hospitality.

Now, some of Henry's children, spite of Madam Hartop's rigorous training, did not seem likely to turn out very well, and their constant presence under his roof was not always a source of great enjoyment to Jonathan, added to which, their mother was a thorn in the side, not only of the squire, but of his son Roger, now his eldest living son.

It were hard to say which of these two men suffered most from Madam Henry's tyranny, father or son, yet neither had the courage to resent her interference or resist her arbitrary sway. Jonathan allowed himself to be governed because, though fiery and determined in other matters, he lacked

the moral courage or energy to contend with this indomitable lady, whom it was easier to yield to than to struggle with. At times, he was even so far fascinated as to believe, what Madam Henry certainly believed herself, that it was for pure love of him and his family, and out of regard for his comfort and well-being, that she ruled in so imperious a manner.

Still, Roger, unfortunate Roger, was the most to be pitied, from the fact that, being in very weak health, he was much at home, and also that Madam Henry chose to constitute herself his physician-in-ordinary, and to keep a constant watch over him, at meal-times more especially; for no sooner would poor Roger express a wish to partake of any dish he might have a fancy for, than Madam Henry would cry out at once, 'Sure, Roger, you would not be so foolish; 'tis certain to disagree with you.'

And then, straightway she would strive to force upon the unfortunate some viand which he particularly disliked, under the plea that 'it was so good for him.'

Joan's other three children were married,

and consequently free from Madam Henry's interference; and Peter, the eldest, contributed three grandchildren to the brood who gathered around Jonathan's knees at the festive season of Christmas.

It was a fine morning, early in November, and Jonathan was seated in the large dining parlour in the front of his house, and with him were Roger, Madam Henry plying her needle, and her three girls employed in the same occupation, though they often cast longing glances at their grandfather, who not unfrequently took them for a walk in the forenoon.

Martha, the eldest, bore a strong resemblance to Jonathan, so strong, indeed, that one day, when Squire Fanshawe, now gathered to his fathers, met her in Aldboro', he stopped her, and put to her the question:

'Whose lass art'e?'

Miss dropped a curtsey, and replied:

'I belong to Madam Hartop.'

'I thowt thou wert o' owd Jonathan's breed.'

And having uttered this characteristic speech, the old fox-hunter chucked the

child under the chin, and gave her a coin.

This speech, when related to Jonathan, had rather nettled him, inasmuch as the jovial squire thereby seemed to liken him to one of his own hounds, of whose breed he was not a little proud and was ever talking.

Martha was a rather hoydenish young lady, but a good-tempered and kind-hearted girl, no great favourite with her mother, as she invariably espoused the quarrels of her second brother, William, a terrible scapegrace, with whom Madam Hartop was always at feud. The grandfather could not altogether excuse the youth's delinquencies, but he admired Martha's sisterly devotion, and kept a corner in his own heart for the scapegrace, from a certain resemblance in his character to that of his poor uncle Charles.

Martha knew her grandfather's fondness for her; and so she was surprised when, having managed to escape from the work-table for a minute or two and get to his side, her whispered request for a walk with him on the walls was negatived.

'Please do, grandfather, the morning is so fine,' urged the young supplicant.

'No, my dear,' replied Jonathan aloud. 'I cannot this morning; I am going to Pontefract.'

'Pontefract! Sure, sir, it was but last week you was there,' cried Madam Hartop, letting her work drop on the table, and speaking in a tone of some asperity.

'Truly, you are right,' replied Jonathan with a somewhat reckless air, which might have roused suspicion in Madam Hartop's mind as to the cause of these frequent visits to Pontefract, had she noted well the signs of the times, 'and 'twas at the end of the week, and now we are but at the beginning of another.'

'Your horse must know every inch of the way, and where you pull up, sir,' remarked Roger, slily.

'He doth,' replied Jonathan, 'and could carry me safely there, an he were blindfolded, I believe.'

'I did not know Pontefract possessed such attractions for you, my dear sir,' said Madam Hartop, craning her neck and elevating her nose; 'to my mind, 'tis a poor,

dull town, with nought to recommend it; and as for the innkeepers' charges, they are monstrous enough, I'll warrant, as they are all the world over. But there, I forget myself strangely,' added the lady, with an air of plaintive humility; ''tis not for me, my dear and honoured father, to breathe so much as a word concerning any expense you may choose to incur, when I consider that I and my fatherless little ones,' and here the speaker looked mournfully at the three bouncing girls and a tall hulking lad, who had just entered the room, 'are living upon your charity, in a certain sense, though alas! the ruin that hath befallen us, arose from no fault of mine.'

'The devil! then whose fault was it?' asked Jonathan, startled into the above glaring impropriety of speech by his daughter-in-law's last remark. She had, indeed, often made the like assertion before, and for peace sake he had let it pass unnoticed, as if he did not comprehend it, though, in truth, he knew very well that she meant to intimate that he was the person in fault. This morning, however, he determined to challenge the propriety of

justice of her insinuations. He knew that that very hour he was about to disclose a matter to her, which he feared might create some unpleasantness betwixt himself and the present mistress of his house, and possibly, he may have remembered the old saying, 'In for a penny in for a pound,' and so thought that all explanations had better be made at once.

'Children, you can leave the room,' said Madam Hartop, looking with an air of grave rebuke at her father-in-law, whilst Roger secretly wondered what change had come over his father, that he should thus dare to rebel against the commander-in-chief.

'Ay, 'tis best they should go,' said Jonathan drily, 'for I have a little matter to talk over with you, Katherine; Roger will remain, for he is concerned in it.'

The children were at once banished from the room, the hulking lad included, but Martha slyly stole back and applied her ear to the keyhole, and so heard dreadful news.

'Now, my dear Katherine, that we are alone,' said Jonathan, speaking very deli-

berately, 'may I ask you upon whose shoulders you lay the blame of the loss of your property, if it cometh not upon your own? Mind, I do not blame you, daughter, for investing your fortune in bubbles, and amongst them in that confounded York Building Company. After that cursed South Sea scheme was started, the passions of people for stock-buying overran all bounds of discretion, and the stockjobbers and gamblers in Exchange Alley made their market of the general infatuation. The more prudent gave way, at last, to the temptation of becoming rich in a day, and wiser heads than yours were turned.'

Whether it was this reflection on her wisdom, or Jonathan's evident intention to exculpate himself from all blame, is uncertain, but Madam Hartop's face became inflamed with anger, and she cried out:

'Alas, sir! is it not sorrow enough that I should have lost my children's inheritance, but you must need add to my chagrin by telling me that the fault was purely mine own, whereas you know full well that you advised me to buy South Sea Stocks.'

'I!' exclaimed Jonathan, elevating his

eyebrows in blank amazement; 'I advised you to have naught to do with that confounded South Sea bubble! A scheme of Beelzebub! Why, daughter, your brain must be turned to make such a charge.'

'No one ever thought,' replied Madam Hartop, 'that it would turn out a bubble. You know how quickly and how enormously high the stock rose.'

'No wonder,' said Jonathan; 'the jobbers saw that everybody was mad to make money, and they spread all sorts of rumours to raise the credit of the company. Well, but, daughter, I am curious to know in what way I advised you to subscribe for stock. Pray, let me hear.'

''Twas in this fashion, sir—you would often recount before me how fortunes were being made by bargains for stocks, that were perfectly astounding—how clerks in offices, runners in Exchange Alley, book-keepers to merchants, coffee-men and coffee-boys, were to be seen everywhere, either in fine clothes or laced coats and velvet, and how a man riding in a fine chariot to-day, might yesterday have gone on a twelve-penny errand from one end of the city to

the other; and so, hearing you relate all this, and how at last, South Sea stock had risen to £1000 for every £100 capital, I thought, in my own mind, that you meant to suggest to me this fashion of increasing my fortune, and so I went up to London and bought stock, as you know, and I cannot but think, sir, that you did advise me to this step.'

'Nay, nay, daughter,' said Jonathan, in a tone of mingled amusement and vexation, 'you are a shrewd woman; don't make yourself out so wanting in common sense, as you must have been, an you construed what I said anent "bubbling" to mean that you should engage in it. When I told you how persons of all ranks and stations were laying aside all manner of distance and almost decency to become the humble suitors for stock, not only to the directors of the South Sea Company, but also to the meanest and vilest of people who had the assurance to start any kind of bubble, did I thereby mean to tell you to job too? The real truth is, you were infected with the general epidemic of becoming rich on a sudden, and in the end, were stript of all,'

and here Jonathan heaped upon her a string of wise saws. 'Covetousness,' he said, 'is the root of all evil; the excuse of a covetous man is that he gathereth for his children; covetousness is the mother of poverty. But, egad, my dear Katherine, if you had won a fortune, instead of losing one, you would not have found out then that I had advised you to buy stock of the South Sea Company, or of any of the swarms of the bubble companies that were started with no other design than of fraud, and to get subscriptions from the unwary.'

Long before Jonathan had concluded his harangue, Madam Henry had applied her handkerchief very sedulously to her eyes; but perceiving that her father-in-law was in an unusually refractory mood, and not likely to be subdued by tears, she resumed her usual air of authority, and said rather tartly:

'I will not contradict your assertions, my dear sir. An you are persuaded that you did not advise me, either tacitly or otherwise, so be it. We will each hold our own opinion; but you cannot deny that my

poor dead father encouraged me to risk my fortune.'

'In so far as he set you the example by risking his own, he did certainly,' replied Jonathan. 'The fact is, that when my poor friend saw such enormous fortunes made, and that the *Wrongheads*, as the saying was, had the better of the *Longheads*, he also yielded to the distemper of the times; but,' added the old squire stubbornly, ''twas not by his precept you acted, my dear Katherine, for we all know you will take no one's advice save your own.'

'Really, sir, your remarks become so extraordinary,' exclaimed Madam Hartop, in a tone of suppressed anger at this uncompromising rebellion on the part of her father-in-law, 'that I think we had best shift the subject; and perhaps you will now be so good as to communicate to me the matter you were about to tell me of before we entered on this last distressing topic.'

Abruptly, and without any preliminaries, for the squire had become emboldened in his revolt as he proceeded, he said, looking full at his imperious daughter-in-law:

'Certainly, my dear Katherine. The

matter is, that I am about shortly to marry again.'

A loud and indignant exclamation from Madam Henry fortunately drowned the feebler refrain of the little listener outside the door, who sped away to communicate the dreadful news to her brothers and sisters, whilst her mother sat transfixed and dumb with astonishment in her chair. At last she found voice to speak.

'At your age, sir!—I cannot believe my ears.'

'Well, my dear Katherine,' said Jonathan, speaking in a very calm and unconcerned manner, now that he had broken the ice, 'old age and marriage, as the proverb saith, are alike; for we desire them both——'

'And once possessed, then we repent,' interposed madam, scornfully.

'You see,' continued Jonathan, taking no notice of this interruption, 'many motives have urged me to take this step, but the strongest, I must own, hath been parental concern for Roger.'

Roger, who had listened in unqualified surprise to the announcement of his father's

intended fourth marriage, became still more amazed at finding himself put forward in this unexpected manner, and he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled mirth and wonderment:

'Pr'ythee, my dear sir, what great concern have you on your mind for me, that induces you to take upon yourself, for the fourth time, the yoke of matrimony?'

'Why, you see, my dear lad, your health is always crazy, and ever hath been since you were born, thanks to Hogan Mogan's Dutch troopers, and Katherine hath her hands full with her nine children; and 'twould be impossible for her to continue for any length of time, her present watchful solicitude in your behalf, so I determined to marry again, that I might ensure for you the motherly care you sometimes stand in need of.'

'And may I ask, honoured father,' said Madam Henry, in tones of mingled wrath and irony, 'what may be the age of this lady who is to act the part of Roger's mother?'

'She was nineteen last birthday,' replied Jonathan, sarcastically, 'but how near she

be to twenty I know not, for I did not ask in what month her birthday fell.'

'A child!' cried Madam Hartop, 'a mere child. 'Tis doubtless a pretty doll's face that hath bewitched you. Well, my dear sir, I pray you may never repent this rash step, and that you may be happy with your new spouse. As for myself,' she continued with a reproachful look, 'I think I have not been treated with the kindness I deserved at your hands. You have kept me utterly in the dark as to what you were about to do, and such deceit hath in it somewhat of cruelty. I trust your future wife will study your interests as well as I have done, that is all; though one hardly looks for experience and wisdom in a girl not out of her teens. Roger,' she added, in pathetic tones, turning to the latter, 'if your stepmother should not make you as happy as I have tried to do, remember you are always welcome, so long as I have a roof I can call my own.'

Roger had been anything but happy under Madam Henry's anxious care, or rather vigorous surveillance; he made a very faint reply to this appeal, as he deemed

it highly probable that, at least in the matter of his diet, he should be better off in the hands of a youthful stepmother of twenty, than in those of a lady who had constantly enacted the *rôle* of the physician who nearly starved the unfortunate Sancho Panza.

'And when, may I ask, sir, do you intend bringing home your bride?' asked Madam Henry, in disdainful and frigid tones.

'Well, my dear daughter, I shall see you installed in a home of your own first,' replied Jonathan, kindly.

'Oh, I can be ready in a month, nay, this very day,' replied Madam Henry, sharply.

'Nay, there is no such hurry; Miss Grace will not have her wedding clothes ready this side of Christmas,' replied Jonathan, gaily. 'She is a daughter of Squire Brigham of Pontefract,' he added, as he rose from his seat, 'and to Pontefract I must go, for I am expected there early; so farewell for the present, my dears.'

And Jonathan left the parlour, and presently Madam Henry, who had retired

to a room at the back of the house, heard the cheery voice of the old lover of seventy singing gaily in the courtyard, where he was superintending the saddling of his horse, a stave of one of the songs of his schoolboy days:

> '*Amo, amas,* I love a lass,
> And she is tall and slender,
> Sweet cowslips' grace, is her nominative case,
> And she is of the feminine gender.'

## CHAPTER XXX.

### 'THE FAIR HEBE' AGAIN.

'JONATHAN HARTOP, Esq., of Hartop Park, a gentleman of a large estate in Yorkshire, to Miss Grace Brigham, of Pontefract, a £5,000 fortune.'

'Lord save us!' ejaculated a lady who had just read aloud the above announcement in the *Morning Advertiser*, one of the very diminutive predecessors of the newspaper of the present day; 'why, this is the nephew of my old beau and admirer, Esquire Hartop.'

She was an old lady who thus spoke; but her face and figure yet retained many traces of that beauty which, in long years gone past, had won for her the name of the Fair Hebe, when Jonathan was a gay

young gallant, at the Court of the Merry Monarch.

Yes, this was the Frances Jennings of old—'the fair Jennings,' as she was styled then—at whose feet Jonathan's uncle had laid his heart and his fortune; this was the lady who had been the innocent cause of so much distress to our hero. Wrinkled, faded, and worn now, how difficult to imagine her as the blooming beauty who had danced at Whitehall with Buckingham and Rochester, or sang to the twang of a guitar in the royal barge, when Charles II. and his courtiers took the air on the Thames!

Another lady, an old belle as antiquated as herself, had listened to the paragraph she read from the *Morning Advertiser*.

She, too, had been a beauty in her day, and a maid of honour, but had never changed her name, and was Miss Price still; and many an hour did she and the Duchess of Tyrconnell, the Frances Jennings of former times, spend together discussing their old life at Court.

'Ah, my dear Dorothy!' said the duchess, with a smile and a sigh, ''twould

have been well for me now, had I taken old Esquire Hartop's offer. You see, I have outlived both poor George Hamilton, my first husband, and Tyrconnell, my second. Dear, handsome Dick! good man, he hath left me but ill provided for. I am now nearly seventy, and yet must banish myself to Ireland, for my poor means will not hold out here. Now, an I had married Esquire Hartop, I should have been living at mine ease in Yorkshire.'

'Sure, you would never have buried yourself alive in the country?' said Miss Price.

'True; that was partly the reason why I rejected the squire's proposals,' replied Madam Tyrconnell.

'Who is that merry-looking old gentleman, I wonder, who hath newly arrived at the house opposite?' asks Miss Price, looking through the open window, for it was in the month of August, at the old gentleman in the street beneath. 'He is evidently some country squire; but what a beau he is! Do look at his blue frock, bound with gold, and his blue satin waistcoat, trimmed with silver, and his well-

frizzled wig, with its long Ramillie tail; and that flaxen-haired girl, with pink-and-white doll's face—quite country, too, I vow; but what a size of a hoop! and what a tiny little frilled cap perched on her head! I imagine she is his granddaughter. Who can they be?'

'Nay, I know not who they are,' said the duchess. 'They have only rented the apartments since last week; but when my maid brings our dish of tea she will be able to tell us, I doubt not, all about them.'

So when Mistress Betty appeared, bearing in the tray, set with tiny china cups, as soon as she had placed it on the table, her mistress questioned her as to the old gentleman and his granddaughter.

'La! your grace,' exclaimed Mistress Betty, so forgetful of her usual reverence towards the duchess as to laugh outright, 'they be newly-wedded folk; 'tis a husband and wife, and the surly looking young gentleman is the old gentleman's son. They be Yorkshire quality of the name of Hartop.'

'Well, to be sure! I little thought 'twas Master Jonathan Hartop!' exclaimed

Madam Tyrconnell, who had fallen a-laughing, as well as her friend; 'but I should like to renew my acquaintance with him. I will send over a message to say that the Duchess of Tyrconnell, who is an old friend, would be glad to see Squire Hartop, if he would favour her with a call.'

Mistress Betty took the message, and Jonathan, in much surprise, asked himself who the Duchess of Tyrconnell might be; for though he had heard of the marriage of the fair Jennings with George Hamilton, he, who had lived wholly on his estate for long years past, knew nothing of her subsequent marriage, when a widow, with Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell. However, Jonathan complied with the lady's request, and he appeared, by-and-by, in her parlour, where she greeted him with the words:

'Master Hartop, am I so much changed that you have no recollection of me? But we have often met in Whitehall and in Spring Garden, when you was paying your court to Mistress Warminster.'

Jonathan gazed in astonishment at this

faded old belle, who recalled to him incidents so far off; but there suddenly rose up before his mind's eye, like so many pictures of the past, Major Strickland's house in Leicester Fields, then the camp at Blackheath, and the figure of his uncle in huge petticoat-breeches, sitting in his tent, and, strangely enough, the face of this old lady before him seemed, in some way, to recall all these recollections. Presently, memory cleared up the mystery, and he exclaimed, extending his hand, with a smile:

'The Fair Hebe!'

'No longer an Hebe now,' replied Madam Tyrconnell, shaking her head. 'We are both changed with years: and so you have gotten a young bride? Pr'ythee, let me make her acquaintance, and that of your son; they know not, probably, what an enemy of yours I had like to have been—for an I had married your uncle, I should have been an enemy—to your expectations at least. They might bear me a grudge, an they knew that chapter of the past.'

Thereupon, Jonathan laughed heartily; and then, at Madam Tyrconnell's request, he went over to his lodgings and presently

returned with young Madam Hartop and Roger.

The girl-bride was plump and good-humoured looking, very fond of her husband, spite of the immense disparity in their years; but then it must be observed that Jonathan was so hale and hearty, so full of life and vigour, that at seventy he was younger than many other men of fifty, and Roger, though only nine-and-twenty, looked far older for his age than his vivacious and cheery-looking sire.

Over the dish of tea the duchess and her friend and Jonathan talked of past times, and their gay life at the Court of Charles II.

'What changes!' said the duchess, with a sigh. 'What a profanation of Whitehall, St. James's, and Windsor by these uncouth German barbarians! The royal palaces smell from top to bottom of a mixture of tobacco-smoke, fumes of beer, kraut, and sausages. The Elector of Hanover is as boorish, as coarse, and as disgusting in his manners and his speech as the Dutchman. I don't know which of the two monsters I abhor the most—the Dutch usurper, I believe.'

'I am of your mind,' said Jonathan, promptly, and there and then he went through the whole scene of the invasion of his house and his arrest by Captain Baker and the Dutch troopers, before Roger's birth.

'Ay, you suffered also for the royal cause,' said the duchess, with a sigh; 'but we lost our all; we followed King James into exile, I and my poor dead husband, Richard Talbot; then he was made Duke of Tyrconnell, and that was a great honour, but we were very poor. As long as King James lived I had a share of his pension, but when he died it died with him, and thus, you see, I come to be very straitened in my means, and being no longer young, I find poverty more disagreeable than ever. Ah, Master Roger, an I were young and pretty and blooming again like your mamma yonder, instead of being a withered old woman, I would look after you; an you offered to marry me, I wouldn't refuse you as I did your great uncle.'

'Nay, madam,' exclaimed Jonathan, with an air of gallantry, 'do not speak

of yourself in these disparaging terms; you have still so many charms and attractions left, that an you would favour us with a visit, when we return to Hartop Park, you would find many Yorkshire admirers.'

The duchess shook her head:

'I thank you for your kindness, Squire Hartop, but when I leave London 'twill be to go to Ireland; meanwhile, 'twill be a great pleasure to me to see and converse with you often whilst you are here, and you know I am too old for your wife to be jealous.'

And Jonathan did very often see his old acquaintance. He usually came over in the evening to drink a dish of tea with her, and talk over past times.

During the day he would walk with his wife in the park, and, loitering at the side of the Rosamond Pond, pull a handful of oats out of his pocket, and, with a great deal of pleasure, gather the ducks about him, and his lady would partake in the diversion until he had not an oat left; then they would make the tour of the park together, when he would amuse her with

an account of his adventures with the gay Rochester, witty Tom Killigrew, or with Beau Sidney, and even the Merry Monarch himself; or he would revisit the different haunts of his younger days —the old house in the Minories, with its fond memories of the little lady, that dearly beloved mother, who had rocked him to sleep in her arms; Alderman Tichburn's house in Cheapside, where he had played as a child with fair-haired Alice, his first wife, and beautiful Joan Oliver, his third; the mansion in Leicester Fields, where had lived his kind guardian, Walter Strickland, where he had found a haven of refuge, when a truant from school, where had been the happy home of his youth; and the heart of the old man grew sad, as one after another of the faces of the dear, unforgotten dead rose up before him, and he said to himself 'They are all gone—the friends of my youth and of my middle age: one by one the links break off, till soon not one will be left to connect me with the past.' The last place he re-visited was Barnet, and his young wife laughed to hear how vindictively he yet spoke of the learned and

the lashing master, Doctor Silex and his wife. Talking over his rambles with Madam Tyrconnell, he said :

'I hardly know some of these spots again, they are so altered; they have pulled down and rebuilt one house, and added to another, and taken away from a third, so that it hath been a puzzle often to find out where I was; and I suppose some twenty or thirty years hence there will be still greater changes in London.'

'Which we shall never see,' said Madam Tyrconnell.

'Nay,' said Jonathan, in a jocose tone, 'we may live to be centenarians.'

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

DECEMBER was drawing to a close in the year 1733, and the cold was very severe. Yellow clouds in the sky seemed to threaten a fall of snow, and the ground was bound hard with the frost, which had silvered over the naked boughs of the trees, and made them appear like huge branches of glistening white coral.

It was a fine seasonable morning, and pleasant for walking, and, spite of the severity of the weather and his eighty years, Jonathan Hartop steps briskly along Skeldergate.

Skeldergate of old York, how different from the crowded, busy Skeldergate of to-day! where there is so much hurrying to and fro of people, and where the rough

stones of the roadway are cumbered with heavy loaded waggons and carts. True, it has always been a crooked narrow street, and the houses on either side, irregular in size and height, bore, even then, the impress of age on their walls of grey limestone or red brick, some being handsome mansions, imposing in their exterior, others of more modest pretensions, whose gable ends projected over the street; and here and there an unexpected angle in the thoroughfare would expose to view a nook, shady with green trees and bright with flower beds in the summer, while some opening between the houses would afford a peep at the still flowing waters of the Ouse, and the barges moored to the bank of the broad deep stream.

Passing through Rosemary Lane, Jonathan mounts the high flight of steps leading to the walls, with the celerity of a youth of eighteen, rather than with the short breathing and faltering gait of an old man of eighty.

He looks not a day older than he did ten years ago, when he renewed his acquaintance with 'The Fair Hebe.'

She has been dead these three years past, but during the rest of her life her old lover's nephew had sent to her, in the Irish home where she had ended her days, many substantial proofs of his kindness.

And Jonathan is again a widower; the plump, flaxen-haired daughter of Squire Brigham bore him three daughters, and then gradually fell into ill-health, and died after ten years of wedded life.

The three little girls, whose ages range from five to nine years, are Jonathan's constant companions, and accompany him on all his walks; so on this day they trip along by his side, or run hither and thither, when they reach the top of the walls.

Jonathan paused, every now and then, to gaze at the old cathedral city, its numerous buildings, partially veiled from sight, at times, by floating clouds of yellowish fog. The square towers of churches, moss-grown old piles some of them, rose up from amidst quaint gable ends, roofed with red tiles, and the wide-spreading branches of fine old trees, glistening all over with the frost, which veiled their nakedness under its

silvery rime, but high above all rose the three majestic towers of the cathedral. The sky was murky, and fog shrouded the base of the towers, but the summit of the grand Lantern Tower stood out in rare and beautiful shape and form against the snow-laden clouds in the sky.

'Christmas will soon be here, papa,' says Miss Cicely, the eldest of the three girls.

'Yes, and shan't we have merry times,' cries Miss Grace, the second; 'there'll be such lots of us, papa. I was reckoning with Roger who was to come. I think we'll have to sleep three in a bed, and that will be fun.'

'Indeed; and who are all these guests to be?' asks Jonathan, with a smile.

'Why,' replies Grace, speaking with great volubility, 'there's Brother Peter, you know, and his wife, and their seven children, and there's our sister Joan and her five children, and sister Margaret and her four children, and——'

Here the little speaker being out of breath, Cicely took up the refrain.

'And then there's Aunt Henry's grand-

children, you know—Polly, and Sally, and Jack——'

'Yes,' interposed Grace again, who had recovered her breath, 'and William's children; we'll have them, won't we? Oh, papa, we'll have Neddy, and Billy, and Dicky.'

Jonathan held up his hands in dismay.

'And sister Katherine,' says Cicely, slyly.

'Katherine's a long way off, and won't come, I'm sure,' replied Grace, very promptly; 'she never came when mamma was alive—why should she come now? She won't, will she, papa?'

'Heaven forbid!' Jonathan was about to reply, but he checked the words and said, 'No, my dear, of course not. Your sister Katherine has her own house in London to attend to.'

By this time Jonathan and his little girls had reached Micklegate Bar, and as they were descending the steps leading down from the Walls, the squire saw, to his great surprise, a postchaise standing before the door of his house, from which several large hair trunks and boxes were being removed.

Uttering an ejaculation of surprise, Jonathan quickened his steps, that he might ascertain who his unexpected visitor or visitors might be.

Now, while Jonathan was taking his morning walk, Roger was sitting over his breakfast in the large dining-parlour in front of the house. He had slept rather later than usual, and so had not partaken of the morning meal with the family; and he was eating his breakfast very leisurely and quietly, close to, and within the cheering glow of a large fire. He was an invalid, but, nevertheless, he often ate with a good relish, and on this particular morning he had a favourite dish before him, a soused collar of brawn. He had just transferred a second slice to his plate, when he heard the sound of some vehicle, which halted at the front door. A sudden impulse of curiosity caused him to rise from his seat and walk to the window, and from thence he saw a postchaise with the door open, and Madam Henry Hartop herself descending the steps.

Roger withdrew from the window as quickly as he had approached it, but instead

of going to meet and welcome his sister in the hall, he returned to his seat at the table, dropped into it with a look of despair, and mechanically, and, as it were, clandestinely, and possibly in ignorance of what he was doing, slid back the second slice of brawn on to the dish again.

The next moment Madam Henry was in the room and by Roger's side. When she had embraced him with such ardour as to push his wig all awry, she seated herself opposite to him, and exclaimed in a pathetic tone :

'My poor brother, I have not come a day too soon. Alas ! how altered for the worse you are ; 'tis easy to see how you have been neglected ; no one to watch over and tend you. How thin you have become, and sallow !'

'Well, sister, I was never stout ; and I assure you I am in tolerable health.'

'I marvel at it then, Roger, an you have been partaking of such dishes as that before you. Soused brawn ! Dear, good soul, 'twould be simple poison to a person with so weak a digestion as yours.'

'Nay, sister, 'twas on the table for my

father's breakfast,' replied Roger evasively, thus leading her to suppose that the squire alone had partaken of this dainty dish, though he could not but see all the while that Madam Henry was eyeing suspiciously the severed slice of brawn.

Just at this juncture, Jonathan, followed by his young daughters, made his appearance in the parlour. His welcome to his daughter-in-law was none of the most fervent; but the latter was not deterred by his coldness from saluting him with as much warmth as she had done Roger, and the honoured father had his wig pushed awry also.

Then the little girls were embraced in their turn, and then madam sallied out to see that all her trunks and boxes and parcels had been removed from the chair, and Jonathan sat looking in blank despair at his son, but he spoke never a word.

Presently, madam bustled into the room again, and Jonathan said, in a would-be happy and cheery tone of voice, though it certainly sounded constrained:

'Well, my dear, you have come to help us to spend Christmas, eh? 'Tis most

kind on your part; I should never have been selfish enough to propose such a plan myself, as it robs your own family of your presence; however, we must not keep you long here, for the boys will miss you sadly, and you will miss them, too, at this season;' and here Jonathan, having resort to one or two proverbs, continued sententiously to say, 'she is happy that is happy in her children, and children, according to their bringing up, prove either a great joy or a great grief to their parents.'

'My sister, dear Polly, is going to keep house for me,' replied Madam Henry, without noticing her father-in-law's wise saws; 'so I am quite unfettered.'

Jonathan gave a sort of groan, then he said, in a lugubrious tone, probably anxious to know the worst at once:

'When, then, my dear Katherine, do you think of returning to your home again?'

'Never, my dear and honoured father,' exclaimed Madam Henry, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'so long as I can be of use here. I will look after your motherless babes, I will relieve you of all care and

solicitude respecting your household, and Roger will once more have some one to watch over him. My poor brother! I have often sighed to think how neglected you must have been. Who would study your digestion as I have done?'

Luckless Roger did not attempt to answer the question, but he looked with covetous eyes at the slice of brawn

'My dear father, if agreeable to you, and it be not in use,' said Madam Henry, 'I will occupy my old bed-chamber.'

'I' faith it hath been empty since you left us,' exclaimed the squire, who was inspired with a sudden gleam of hope; 'and I believe there is not a bedchamber in the house that doth not require airing for two or three days before it be slept in. I should almost counsel you, my dear, to go to the "George," in Coney Street, for a few days; you see, there having been no mistress here since the death of my poor Grace, I will not promise you that the beds be not damp.'

'Damp beds!' ejaculated Madam Henry in horror. 'An I had delayed coming much longer, I should have found you all

cripples from rheumatism; but do not trouble on my account, dear sir, I shall find dry sleeping room. Meanwhile,' she added, rising, 'I'll go and unpack my things; I am quite at home here, you know, and these three little ones can come with me, I want to make acquaintance with my new little sisters.'

The new little sisters followed Madam Henry out of the room very much with the appearance of victims, and when the door had closed upon his daughter-in-law, Jonathan exclaimed, addressing his son:

'Roger, I am minded to order my horse to be saddled, and to ride off at once to the Park.'

'Nay, sir, forgive me, but this is a weakness on your part; why not tell Katherine, politely but firmly, that it would not be in accordance with your wishes for her ever to reside with you again? Sure, you are master in your own house?'

'Not when Katherine is here, my dear lad,' replied Jonathan, shaking his head dolefully.

'I marvel at you, sir, that you should

thus suffer yourself to be ruled by a female,' said Roger, in a tone of irritation.

'Ay, and I marvel at it myself also, Roger; but truth is, Katherine hath so determined a will, that 'tis useless striving with her. 'Tis easier to yield than to contend with such a woman. Patience is so like fortitude, that she is either her sister or her daughter. But you talk of my weakness; well, my dear lad, you were ever just as much under her sway. Now, an' she were to object to your eating brawn, thof 'tis a dish you love much, I know full well you would not touch it.'

Roger looked very sheepish at this remark, but said nothing. 'Here she is, and here she will remain,' said Jonathan, in a thoughtful tone, after a pause of a few moments, 'unless I can devise some plan that may induce her to leave us once more.'

And we shall learn in the next chapter, what plan Jonathan put into execution, to regain possession of himself and his household.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A TRIP TO SCARBORO'.

'My dear Betty, 'tis vastly unkind of you to stay at home this morning, while your faithful swain patrols the Castle Hill in the hope of your advent thither, that he may bask in the light of your smiles.'

So spoke Mrs. William Hartop, the young and lively wife of William Hartop, second son of Madam Henry, and the scapegrace of the family. Her remarks were addressed to her bosom friend, Miss Betty Squill, as she entered the front parlour of a house in Queen Street, Scarboro', where she found the latter lady seated at a little writing-table with her desk open before her.

'La, Jenny! which swain do you mean, my dear?' asked Miss Betty, a tall, hand-

some girl of twenty, with keen, dark-grey eyes, a fresh colour, and an aquiline nose, a trifle too sharp, perhaps; and as she laid down her pen, she laughed and showed her fine white teeth.

'La, Betty! you are very fortunate, my dear, to have a plurality of admirers,' exclaimed Mrs. William, 'but 'twas my grandfather I alluded to.'

'La, my dear! all this is mighty odd. Dear, fussy old soul,' ejaculated Miss Betty; 'and is he really in earnest, Jenny? But 'twould be too absurd! Eighty and twenty don't go very well together.'

'Bah! we are only as old as we look and feel,' replied Mrs. William. 'And as for my grandfather, he looks twenty years younger than he is; and I know he feels as hearty and strong as ever he did in his life. Why, his son Roger is vastly more of an old man than he is.'

'Oh! he is a man of breeding, and I like what I have seen of him, and so does papa; and I think, if the dear old gentleman proposes, I'll accept him. But, gracious me! Jenny, what will your mother-in-law say?'

'What will she not say?' replied Jenny, laughing. 'But grandfather will not ask her consent, and I dare say you'll know how to hold your own, Betty. You are a dear young creature, and you shall have a husband, but you must strike at once, while your face is new, or you will become one of the crowd of damsels who offer their faces at every polite place. We might send you to the London market, and offer you at the opera, or the plays, or the concerts, or at dinners and breakfasts, but William and I settled the first night we saw you and grandpapa together, how well you would suit each other, and we agreed to try and make a match of it.'

'You are an odd creature, my dear; you are a good obliging creature. 'Twas vastly kind of you, I am sure, and I'll think seriously on it,' said Miss Betty, in a more earnest tone than she had yet spoken. 'I must examine my heart, and see if I can love the dear old man enough to marry him. And Jenny, I'll say nothing to papa till I have made up my mind, lest he should try to hurry or influence my decision.'

'At all events, you'll come to the Castle Hill *with me,' said* Jenny.

'Well, yes, that can do no harm; but I must finish my letter. Take a turn in the garden; you'll find papa there.'

Jenny complied with the request at once, for Doctor Squill was a prime favourite with both her husband and herself; but when she had left the room, Miss Betty laid down her pen, and quitting her seat, walked up and down, soliloquising every now and then half aloud. She had wanted to be alone that she might think a little over the prospect that had so suddenly opened out before her.

Only a few days had elapsed, since Squire Hartop had been introduced to her, at a ball at the Assembly Rooms, by his grandson and his wife. She had found him a genial, pleasant, cheery old gentleman, looking far short of the age that he really was; but now, when he appeared in the light of her suitor, the thought of his eighty years, and of the four wives he had buried, inspired her with some dismay; but then, on the other hand, the wealth and position of Squire Hartop of Hartop Park offered, as she had said, great inducements, if she could only love him. She was too honest-

hearted to marry him without loving him. She smiled as she thought of Jenny's mother-in-law, Madam Henry, and of Jenny's efforts at match-making. In this matter, however, Jenny was not quite disinterested. Madam Henry had never cordially received her as a daughter-in-law, for in her eyes, one of William's most flagrant offences had been his marriage with the penniless daughter of a poor captain, living on his half-pay. So Jenny had been, since Madam Henry's return to power, in some measure an exile from her grandfather's house, but with her friend Betty as the mistress of Hartop Park, she would feel sure of remaining no longer in banishment, as while her mother-in-law ruled there.

A little spirit of mischief, too, mingled with these more sober considerations. It would be such fun to get grandpapa and Betty married: so William and his wife had said to each other after the ball at the Assembly Rooms, where Squire Hartop had walked a minuet, and at the end of it, had danced a country dance with Miss Squill.

Before Jenny returned to the room, Miss

Betty had pretty well made up her mind to be Mrs. Hartop. It was not much wonder, all things considered, that she should have come to such a decision, for spite of his elegantly-furnished home, and the style in which he lived, Doctor Squill's fortunes were often at a low ebb. He was, however, a man fertile in resources. Who would have supposed, to glance round that handsomely furnished chamber, that the doctor had often not a guinea in his purse? There were many costly articles scattered around the room, such as would presumably only be in the possession of a man of wealth. A chocolate service, for instance, of old Japan china with brown edges, for which the doctor had paid, or was supposed to have paid, thirty guineas, only a few weeks previously, but, like most things that belonged to him, he yet owed for it. Doctor Squill subsisted on credit, and his manners were so fascinating, his language so irresistibly seductive, that often, angry creditors, who had come to the firm determination of proceeding to extremities, after an interview with this oily debtor, were resolved even to proffer

him more goods, in lieu of taking the harsh measures they had resolved upon.

Then, again, Doctor Squill was supposed by many to be making a large fortune by his practice, which was reported to be a very wide one.

By day his chariot was constantly to be seen, driven at a furious rate, about the most frequented streets; for then, perhaps, as at the present time, the doctors in watering-places knew well that the success of a medical man, in a great measure, depended upon his external equipage, and that a chariot and a footman were essentially necessary, although the outlay could be ill afforded. It was also bruited about, that many a time and oft, the doctor had not taken off his clothes for nights together, and that he had even, at times, been obliged to snatch a little refreshment standing, and then hurry off again to his numerous and anxiously waiting patients.

Contrary rumours, however, were also afloat; and Doctor Squill's enemies boldly asserted, that to make an appearance of extensive practice, he resorted to unpro-

fessional and unworthy arts and devices—that when he drove so hurriedly up and down the streets, it was only to see imaginary patients—that when he caused himself to be called out of church in the middle of the service, it was for the same purpose; but the doctor's envious confrères even went so far as to affirm, that he had been known to be so unfeeling and unscrupulous as to disturb the peaceful slumbers of respectable people at dead of night, knocking them up, and announcing that he was Doctor Squill, and that he had called to visit Sir Harry ——, who had been taken suddenly ill, and who, he believed, lodged there; whereas no such afflicted patient existed, except in the fertile brain of the doctor. Doctor Squill, meanwhile, went on his way, quite undisturbed by these malicious reports. He was ever eagerly welcomed at the assembly rooms, the pump-room, and the spa, where he enlivened the whole company by his gay and brilliant conversation, and by what was still more acceptable—by little details of scandal; for he was an adept herein, and excelled all his brother physicians in the art of ferreting out the rank

and position, the wealth and the ailments, etc., of all visitors to this renowned watering-place. Dressed in black velvet, with a tye-wig of enormous dimensions, he affected with the old dowagers a great solemnity of manner and speech, which impressed them strongly with veneration for his skill in the healing art; but with the young he was full of life and vivacity and anecdote, chatting, laughing, and showing brilliant white teeth, such as his daughter had inherited, and scattering his fascinating smiles broadcast. He was always at his ease, and seldom at a loss to draw himself out of a difficulty. Once, an obdurate creditor—his landlord, in fact, who was not to be mollified even by the doctor's blandishments—had unkindly put the bailiffs into the house on the very day when he was about to entertain a party of friends to dinner. Nothing dismayed, the wily doctor added them to the number of his attendants, and dressed up the bailiffs as footmen to wait at table. Doctor Squill's sole anxiety was his daughter; he really loved her, and his one wish was to see her well married. Thus he eagerly seconded the scheme, or rather

practical joke, set on foot by Mr. and Mrs. William Hartop, to bring about a match betwixt Squire Hartop and Miss Betty. He was, however, too shrewd not to perceive, even at a first interview, how little love or respect the old squire had for his fraternity; he quickly saw there was more of earnest than jest in the inuendoes the latter every now and then launched against doctors, so he prudently kept himself, as much as possible, in the background, till such times as he should deem his daughter sure of the prize.

And now, having introduced Doctor Squill, while Betty prepares for her walk to the Castle Hill, where Jonathan Hartop awaits her, and the doctor regretfully tears himself from the company of Mrs. William, to pay real or fictitious visits in his yellow chariot, we may state, in a few words, how Jonathan came to be at Scarboro'.

Through all the long dreary winter months he had borne, as patiently as he could, the rigorous supervision and arbitrary rule of his daughter-in-law, Madam Henry; but when spring and summer came, when he returned to his once dear old home at

Hartop Park, now rendered miserable to him by the irksomeness of a thrall which he had not the courage to break, he pleaded indisposition, as a pretext for a journey to Scarboro', with the hope, that at a distance from her, he might have the courage to write that, which he could not bring himself to say, face to face, with his commander.

Poor Squire Hartop! he was very weak and pusillanimous where Madam Henry was concerned: firm and determined of will on all other occasions, in argument with her, her calm obstinacy and volubility of tongue completely disabled him.

On the very first day of his arrival at Scarboro' he met Miss Betty Squill, was introduced to her, straightway fell in love, and saw at once a speedy release from the thrall of Madam Henry. But this time, Jonathan was on his guard, and no hint or warning did he intend Madam Henry to have, as to his contemplated fifth nuptials, until those nuptials should have taken place, and he be in a position to stand by whilst his bride should clear the field for him.

When Mrs. William Hartop returned to the parlour, she found her friend equipped for walking, and they both set out together.

Miss Betty was a handsome girl, as we have already said, and she showed much taste in the style of her dress, never wearing ill-assorted colours, or caring to strictly follow every preposterous new fashion because it was the fashion. On this occasion her hoop was of moderate dimensions, her hat, though only of plain black straw with a white feather in it, very becoming, and her dress of blue check lutestring, simple, but tasteful and ladylike. Never was there a greater contrast than that which existed between these two friends, Mrs. William Hartop and Miss Betty; for no matter how disfiguring or absurd a new fashion might be, the former was sure to adopt it, to the horror and indignation of her mother-in-law, who considered that a clergyman's wife was bound to set an example of modesty and decorum in the style and fashion of her garments.

A constant source of wrath and sorrow were this husband and wife to Madam

Henry. By dint of repeated exhortations and counsel, the worthy lady had overcome her son's objections and induced him to enter the Church. Squire Hartop always averred that William had been fairly worried and worn out, and that he had become a parson simply because he was tired of contending with his mother. However, Madam Henry had had small cause to rejoice over her victory, for never was there a more unseemly young parson than William Hartop. He hunted (herein he pleased the old squire), he played cards, he sang profane and worldly songs, and drank deep, and, sad to say, he was always in debt. Yet his vices were mingled with virtues; he was good-tempered, always generous, and many a time he had given his last shilling in charity, not knowing from whence he was to get another. What a thorn he was in the side of the sage and discreet Madam Henry! What virtuous indignation seized upon her, when she had heard him described as the dancing curate! No inappropriate designation, certainly, for he was so devoted to the terpsichorean art, that he would never miss a ball or a private

hop, and after consigning a parishioner to the grave one hour, would the next, engage with zest in 'Merrily danced the Quaker.'

It was at one of these abominable hops, as Madam Henry termed them, that he met his future wife, a young lady to the full as gay and worldly as he was himself; and after a short courtship, they married with scarce a shilling to live on, save what Squire Hartop allowed them. But William crowned his misdemeanours, after he had obtained a living, by fighting a duel, an act so flagrant in a clergyman, that his bishop suspended him for three years, and so he was living again upon his grandfather, and turning up, at intervals, at York, or at Hartop Park, to the disgust and wrath of his mother. Certainly, as we have already observed, the style of Mrs. William's dress was open to criticism, even from persons less severe in their notions than Madam Henry, and Miss Betty inwardly found fault with her friend's taste, as the latter walked on, a little in advance, down Queen Street. Her form was disfigured by a hoop of immense rotundity, and the smallest of hats was perched on the top

of her head, and cocked gaily on one side, whilst there dangled from it a ribbon of enormous length.

'How do you like my new hat, Betty?' asked Mrs. William, halting for her friend to come up with her.

'Of a truth, Fanny, I like it not at all; 'tis too small, and altogether it suits you very ill. An that was the hat you wore when you met your mother-in-law at York, I marvel not that she found fault with it.'

'Hey-dey! Lor, Betty! I could never please her unless I dressed like a nun, or a Quakeress, or as soberly as she doth herself. When I am her age I will do so, but I shan't make myself an old frump before my time, to please anybody. La, Betty, I declare there comes my grandfather, as smart an old beau as one may see in all Scarboro'. He keeps me in countenance with his ribbons and laces, for if he at eighty, may follow the fashion, sure I may do so at five-and-twenty; but 'tis all in your honour, my dear.'

A very dashing figure, indeed, did Jonathan Hartop cut, and, looking at him from

head to foot, no one certainly would have surmised him to be then in his eightieth year. He might have called himself sixty with a good chance of being believed. His figure was erect, his step firm, and even buoyant; his eyes bright, and his face fresh and ruddy. He advanced towards Miss Betty with all the eagerness of a young lover, inquired most earnestly after her health, though he had seen her the previous evening at the Long Room; and then, as the ladies had now reached the top of Queen Street, he prepared to escort them to the Castle Hill.

Mrs. William dropped purposely a little in the rear, and the squire walked with an air of great internal satisfaction by Miss Squill's side, looking quite a beau, as his grand-daughter had observed. As he was, indeed, a *beau à la mode*, and drew all eyes upon him, let us survey his attire. He had on a small, well frizzled wig, with a bag, and powdered grey; a small black beaver hat, from one of the corners of which hung a silver tassel; his stock was plaited in various forms, and a fine diamond heart was set on his shirt breast; his hands

were covered with fine Brussels lace, his sword hilt was adorned with ribbons, and his brown velvet coat, richly laced with gold, was made to fit tight round his waist, whilst his thin dapper legs were encased in silk stockings, tied with silver garters, and his shoe-buckles were resplendent with brilliants.

The three were now walking along the summit of the cliffs overlooking the north shore. Below them, the sides of those grandly beautiful cliffs descended steeply to the sands, dotted over with green knolls and ledges of rock, and interspersed with narrow zig-zag paths or little tracks leading down to their base.

This northern portion of the bay lay stretched out like a vast sheet of crystal, still and calm, its waters tinged with the softest and loveliest green, while the waves broke upon the sands with a gentle, soothing sound.

Squire Hartop and his companions now approached the castle, then in a very dilapidated state, though it was far from being a ruin. They passed under the fine old archway, and ascended the steep flinty

road, with its crumbling stone walls on either side. Through embrasures or loop-holes, there were glimpses of the southern portion of the bay, its waters rippling and sparkling in the strong sunbeams with a myriad flashes of light, and dotted with the white sails of straggling ships, coasting along. Passing from under the shadow of the grand old castle, Squire Hartop and the two ladies made their way across the broad grassy sweep of level land, crowning the top of the Castle Hill, over turf-clad knolls and through little green hollows, till they came to the edge of the cliffs,. and then they sat down on a ridge of turf facing the beautiful bay, or rather the northern portion of it. Mrs. William relapsed into a convenient reverie or semi-doze, and left her grandpapa free to make love to Miss Squill.

The latter talked of the weather, with sweet simplicity.

'Oh these lovely summer days, Squire Hartop! I wish they could last for ever; but autumn will be soon upon us, with its falling leaves and withered flowers, and then comes winter.'

'And you do not like the winter, Miss Betty?'

'Not particularly; still, it hath its pleasures, and in the country I should enjoy winter above all the seasons.'

'May I ask why, Miss Betty?'

'Because I should hunt and ride; I love riding, and I pride myself on being a tolerably good horsewoman.'

'Kindred spirits!' exclaimed Jonathan, in a tone of exultation. 'My dear Miss Betty, I am an ardent lover of the pleasures of the field, and I rejoice to hear you say that you love riding. For myself, I can do my thirty miles across country with as great ease as in my younger days. I hope I shall enjoy the felicity of riding out with you, Miss Betty. I have just bethought me that I have a grey mare at home that would suit you. I will send for her this very day.'

'You are too kind, Squire Hartop; but I fear I have been boasting, and I begin to feel ashamed. You Yorkshire people are fine equestrians, so I have heard; but I am London bred, and perchance, you may think me a very poor rider, and that I

need a master, instead of prating of my skill.'

'Nay, I doubt not but you are proficient, Miss Betty; but I might even be tempted to find fault, if I could flatter myself that by so doing I might enjoy the supreme delight of becoming your riding-master.'

'You are so very kind,' murmured Miss Betty.

'Lack-a-day, my dear young lady, how I wish I were young and sprightly again, and that I could appear before you the gay gallant I once was! There is nothing sweeter than youth,' continued Jonathan, resorting to one of his proverbs, 'nor swifter —decreasing, while it is increasing.'

'Nay, sir, but you are full of life and spirits yet, and I think you have nothing to regret.'

'Yes, my dear young lady, age sits tolerably well upon me, and I may say, that though young men excel in strength, yet old men exceed in steadfastness,' replied the old squire, rather complacently; 'but,' he added, looking earnestly at Miss Squill, 'candidly, my dear miss, how old should you take me for?'

'La, sir, I have never so much as made a guess,' replied Miss Betty, with a smile, the truth being that a guess was quite unnecessary, as her friend Jenny had informed her of the squire's age; and the latter lady, with feminine penetration, now perceiving whither the conversation of her friend and grandfather was rapidly tending, good-naturedly and considerately roused herself from her assumed reverie, and saying that she would like to have a view of the pier and shipping, retired to a convenient distance.

'Guess now, dear Miss Betty,' said Jonathan.

'Perhaps about sixty.'

'Is it possible you take me for no more than that?'

'Well, perhaps sixty-five,' replied Miss Betty, after looking with an air of apparent scrutiny at the squire, who thrilled visibly under her magnetic glances.

'You make me feel young again, my dear miss; I am even tempted to make a disclosure to you, which, in view of my eighty years, I have feared I could never frame my lips to utter.'

'Nay, Squire Hartop, sure you joke; I could as soon believe you to be a centenarian.'

''Tis true, natheless; but your words, Miss Betty, fill me with joy and hope—ay, with hope. When we spoke a while ago of the seasons, I said to myself, aye, here we sit, this fair young creature and I, meet emblems of summer and winter, she with the bloom and radiance of June, I with the stamp of age upon me, even as winter stamps the landscape with frost and snow. But my heart, dear Miss Betty, is as warm as in the days of my youth. I can keep my secret no longer; forgive what you may perchance deride as the folly of an old man, or ascribe to a fit of passing madness; but I love you, my dear young lady, and I have loved you from the moment I saw you.'

Jonathan here paused, and wiped with his handkerchief the perspiration from his forehead. Miss Betty sat still and silent.

'Ah, if you would only accept my love, my dear Miss Betty, I would wrap you round with it; I would treasure and guard

you from all evil; I should live only to make you happy.'

Miss Betty was really touched by the earnest pathos of the old squire's address; she faltered, hesitated, and at length said, in a low tone:

'But your children, your dear little ones—would you give them a step-mother?'

''Tis them also I would benefit, 'tis for them also I plead—four poor motherless babes,' replied the squire, in pathetic tones, and, in his excitement, unconsciously including Roger amongst the babes, 'sadly in want of maternal care. Ah, Miss Betty, how happy you would make them! Children,' continued Jonathan sententiously, 'according to their bringing up, prove either great joy or great grief to their parents. Your advent amongst my children would be like the sunbeams tinging a dreary waste of snow,' concluded the old squire, becoming quite poetical in the ardour of his love.

Miss Betty cast her eyes down, and plucked a few blades of grass.

'My dear Miss Betty, will you not have pity on me and my little orphans?'

And Miss Betty did have pity, and after some little feminine hesitation, she promised, before leaving the Castle Hill, that she would ask papa.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

'Happy is the wooing
That isn't long a doing.'

At a window in the rear of the house in Long-Room Street, sat Jonathan Hartop, some few days after his proposal to Miss Squill. He was now that young lady's accepted husband, an elate bridegroom expectant, full of tender gallantry for his future spouse.

Long-Room Street was then a fashionable street, almost wholly destined to the use and accommodation of the company visiting Scarboro'; in it were several of the largest lodging-houses, and the two public assembly rooms for balls, drums, and other amusements. The window at which the squire was seated overlooked the Cliff Parade Walk, and commanded a

fine view of the bay on the south shore, the crest of every little wave edged with a line of silvery light, and the sun shining on the broad sparkling waters, as on the crystal surface of a vast mirror. Happy little children were digging and delving on the beautiful yellow sands, bathing-machines were dispersed about, some being dragged to and from the sea, some, apparently, half-immerged in the tide, and others just harnessing to take the trembling shudderers forward to have a dip, while in the distance, above the Spa House and the adjoining wharf, overlooking the shore, rose up the cliffs in towering masses, marked out in grandly picturesque outline against the sun-lit sky.

Close by Jonathan sat William Hartop, the so-called dancing curate, who was regaling himself on stewed ducks and green peas, he having but just arrived from Hartop Park, which he had left the previous evening.

Jenny was seated near her husband, and had just begun questioning him as to what news he had brought from the park, and William, having now partly satisfied the

cravings of the inner man, was quite willing to unfold his budget.

'How is mamma, William?'

'Well, she is only so-so,' replied William, shaking his head gravely.

'She was not well in the spring,' remarked Jonathan, 'and I told her then that I thought she needed change of air, but she would not take my advice.'

'She was about to follow it now, sir, however,' said William, with a lurking smile, 'by coming to Scarboro', but she could not leave on account of Roger.'

'Bless my soul, has the poor lad been ill?' asked the squire, in affectionate alarm.

'No, not ill,' replied William, with a mysterious air; 'in fact, he never was better in his life, I believe; he requires no nursing. I tried to impress that on my mother, when I urged her to go to London, where they have sore need of her, Sister Peggy has had the small-pox, and now Tom hath it. Poor Aunt Polly has attended upon them wholly herself, and she must be quite worn out with anxiety and work and want of rest, and perhaps the

next news we shall hear may be that she is down with sickness.'

'Dear me, dear me!' sighed Jonathan; 'it is astonishing,' he added, partly as though speaking to himself, 'how strangely some people fail to see what their duty is, even when the path lies straight before them.'

'My mother evidently imagines,' said William, in a sarcastic tone, 'that her duty bids her remain at Hartop Park, with a view of shielding Roger from the insidious attacks of a certain female, who she fancies hath a design to lure him into matrimony; so she leaves Aunt Polly to nurse the sick, while she watches Roger, like a cat a mouse.'

Squire Hartop shook his head sadly and murmured:

'Poor Polly, brave, unselfish Polly,' and his eyes dimmed with tears as he spoke. Doubtless his thoughts had wandered back from the living Polly to her first and only love, his gallant dead son, Charles, to whose memory she had remained so faithful.

As for Jenny, that young lady, not

noticing her grandfather's emotion, laughed aloud and cried :

'Roger in love! Who is his sweetheart? Sure, our mother will go crazy!'

'Nay, Jenny,' interrupted the squire, who had now recovered himself, 'I should have thought you knew your husband too well to believe at once all that he saith; this is one of his ridiculous jokes; Roger in love!—absurd!'

'I said not, sir, that Roger was in love,' replied William, gravely, 'but that my mother suspected him of being smitten, that a certain female was laying herself out for him, and that Madam Henry Hartop intended to defeat her machinations; and I'll assure you that this is all true. Why, my mother mounts guard as regularly as e'er a sentry at his post.'

'But who is the female? Let us hear all about it,' exclaimed Jenny, gaily. 'What puzzles me is to think how she should ever have become intimate with Roger, seeing how averse our mother is to any lady visiting at the house.'

'Whoever she may be,' exclaimed the squire, emphatically, 'she hath proved her-

William if he knew what had first roused Madam Henry's suspicions about Roger's love affair.

'Why,' replied William, with an amused air, 'Miss Bab was very discreet and prudent at first, and threw my mother quite off her guard by declaring herself a man-hater; but after the young lady had gained, as she thought, a firm footing in the house, she became bolder, or, perhaps, less cautious. As for Roger, poor fellow, he is not in love, not he, but I fancy Miss Bab flattered herself that he was smitten; at all events, she had the audacity, as my mother expressed herself, to work for him a nice bit of embroidery for a vest or something of the kind. Instantly my astute mamma saw the snare; she took the first opportunity to quarrel with her new friend, and closed the door of Hartop Park against her. Miss Bab was very clever, but she showed her hand too soon.'

'Well, but poor Roger is left at rest just now, I suppose,' said Jonathan, 'seeing that Miss Bab has been dismissed?'

'No, sir, nothing of the sort. My mother is haunted by the fear that he holds

clandestine meetings with the lady. If he goes out a little earlier than usual after breakfast she is quickly after him, to see whither he is going; she watches all his movements, and even when the barber comes she insinuates herself into the room, lest he should slide a letter from Miss Bab into Roger's hands when he gives him his bob-wig.'

'Oh la, how Betty will laugh when she hears this tale!' cried Jenny.

'Ah, dear sir, I forgot to congratulate you,' exclaimed William suddenly. 'Jenny whispered the happy news into my ears as soon as I came in. Fair, blooming Miss Betty is to be the mistress of Hartop Park. I am truly delighted! You were cut out for each other, and how do you like Doctor Squill?'

'D——n Doctor Squill! I am not going to marry Doctor Squill. You need not have asked me that question, William,' replied the squire testily. 'Miss Betty is a charming young creature; but as for her father, well—he is a doctor, and you know I have not much love for the disciples of Æsculapius. The number of physicians,

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does, when he is called in? Why, he only asks what the old ones did, that he may guess at something else to try. If he would but keep his physic to himself, one would have little to say. The thief is commonly hanged that killeth but one man, but the physician escapeth that killeth a thousand.'

'But sure,' said William, laughing, ''twould be strange practice for a physician to give his patient no remedies.'

'Not at all,' replied the squire, with a chuckle. 'Bless you, my dear lad, I know more about doctors than you. I was once in their hands when I was young and was nearly dying of wounds and fever. I got well because they neglected me. Did you ever observe,' continued the squire, with a comical smile, 'the aspect a doctor wears, when slinking away from a door when he was told that his patient was dead?'

The two young people laughed heartily.

'But,' Squire Hartop went on to say, 'some physicians are so cautious to avoid the possibility of killing a patient, that they abstain from all methods of curing, and prescribe nothing but what can do neither

good nor harm. I assure you I have heard some, with great gravity, deliver it as a maxim, that nature should be left to do her own work, while the doctor stands by, and, as it were, claps her on the back, and encourages her when she doth well.'

'Then would you rather, sir, be attended by a do-nothing doctor?' asked William.

'Ay, an I have one at all,' replied Jonathan, laughing, 'but so far as my own choice goes, I would give none of the profession the chance of killing me. Physicians,' continued the squire, quoting another wise saying, 'are happy men, because the sun makes manifest what good soever happeneth in their cures, and the earth burieth what faults soever they commit.'

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### 'ZOOKS! CAN'T AN OLD MAN HAVE A YOUNG CHICKEN?'

MADAM HENRY HARTOP was seated at a broad latticed casement, commanding a view of the avenue leading up to the Manor House. It was a lovely summer morning, the calm, placid waters of the moat shone like burnished silver in the sunbeams, birds twittered in the ivy, and two or three bees kept up a pleasant hum as they hovered over or nestled themselves amongst the fragrant crimson leaves of a quantity of damask roses, filling a huge vase, placed in the recess of the window. But Madam Henry's looks were not in accordance with the calm, serene beauty of nature's face, on that lovely summer morning.

There was an open letter in her hand, and it was the perusal of that letter that had corrugated her brow, and caused her to look so discontented and unhappy.

Her sister Polly had written to say that nephew and niece were both going on well, but that she felt somewhat indisposed herself, and therefore she should be glad to see her sister in London, if she could be spared from Hartop Park.

Now Madam Henry knew that she could be spared right well, nay—that her presence in her father-in-law's house was quite unnecessary. She also knew that she was sorely wanted in London, where at any hour, the brave, unselfish sister, who had nursed her children through their grievous malady, might herself be laid prostrate. Madam Henry was not so entirely devoid of motherly or sisterly affection, that she could remain quietly at Hartop Park, under these circumstances, and so she had made up her mind to start for London as soon as she could make her arrangements; but she did not come to this conclusion without sore vexation of spirit. She had an inward misgiving, an uncomfortable presentiment,

that if once she were to quit her father-in-law's house, she might never return to rule there again. Besides, she felt uneasy on his score, and had intended going to Scarboro', and, in fact, had observed, in a darkly mysterious manner, to Roger, only a few days previously:

'There is no telling what a man may do when he gets to your father's time of life, and is left to himself.'

Which Roger had construed into meaning, 'He may get married.'

So far as Roger's own state was concerned, all Madam Henry's disquietude was at an end, for he had gone, to her great delight, to stay with a married sister living in Westmoreland, without having taken any leave of Miss Bab. In the fulness of her joy over this event, madam had positively taken the initiative in effecting a reconciliation with that lady; but whilst persuading herself that she was magnanimous and forgiving, she was really gratifying her own little spirit of feminine malice, in so far, as that she would both have the opportunity of letting Miss Bab know that Roger did not care a rush for her, and

also of enjoying the dish of scandal which that lady usually brought with her; a little tittle-tattle about her neighbour's affairs was always diverting and agreeable to Madam Henry.

So she had invited Miss Bab once more to the Manor House, and that lady, whose nature was not over sensitive, had willingly accepted the invitation, although her friend had managed, with that merciless weapon, the tongue, to give her more than one stab.

However, on this fair summer morning, when Miss Bab, gay and smiling as the landscape, disturbed Madam Henry's cogitations over her letter, she came prepared to deal a far more deadly thrust than any she had herself received.

When the first salutations were over, and Miss Bab had seated herself on a high-backed chair facing her friend, she began by expressing a fear that the latter was indisposed, judging by her looks.

'Nay, I am very well, Miss Bab; but I am distressed in mind.'

'My dear madam, I grieve to hear it," murmured Miss Bab, in sympathetic tones; "and then you must be so lonely. 'Tis

too unkind of Squire Hartop to stay so long absent from home, as though he had a scolding wife, and preferred seeking comfort abroad. And now Mr. Roger hath run away also. 'Tis really too bad, and after all your care and solicitude. But, lackaday! men are so ungrateful.'

Madam Henry smiled contemptuously at this covert attack, and proceeded to give a thrust in her turn.

'Oh, I assure you I never feel lonely! I have too much work on my hands. I am quite willing to look to matters at home, while my father-in-law, who hath been ailing of late, enjoys a change of air; and as for Roger, poor fellow! he will be at peace for a while. In one respect, he is like you, Miss Bab.'

Here madam halted for a moment, looking very significantly at her dear friend.

'How so?' asked Miss Bab, putting on a very unconcerned look.

'Why, you know, my dear, you are quite a man-hater, and Roger is a woman-hater, and there is ne'er a widow or spinster within twenty miles of my sister's house to disturb his repose.'

Miss Bab did not show perceptibly that she felt the sarcasm couched in her kind friend's last few words; but after a moment's pause, she inquired, in insinuating tones, if Madam Henry had heard lately from Scarboro'.

Something in the inflection of Miss Bab's voice and in her looks caused Madam Henry to reply, rather tartly, in the negative, and to look suspiciously at that lady, as though prepared for treachery of some sort, though hardly certain, as yet, what form it should take.

'La, now! 'tis so mighty odd, 'tis so ridiculous, what I heard about Squire Hartop,' replied Miss Bab, with a simper, 'that I vow I can scarce bring myself to tell it you, for I know it cannot be true; 'tis so vastly odd, though. I had it from Mrs. Tipton, who is now staying at Scarboro', where she went, as 'twas given out, to drink the waters for the good of her health, though, as all the world knows, 'twas to break off the affair between her eldest girl, Susan, and Captain Eastwood, who hath ne'er a shilling to bless himself with.'

Here Miss Bab paused, and Madam Henry sat grim and composed, not to be drawn into expressing any anxiety to know what Miss Bab had heard, though, indeed, she was burning with impatience to hear what rumour had said about Squire Hartop.

'Twas yesterday that I received a letter from Mrs. Tipton,' resumed Miss Bab; 'twas vastly long, and so I was minded to put it by 'till I had taken my walk, for I was just going out; but seeing the name of Squire Hartop on the first page, made me look a bit further, and certainly I was mightily surprised by what I read, only, of course, I don't believe a word of it, for it is so mighty odd.'

'No, you have told me before,' said Madam Henry, very drily, 'that you never believe more than one half of Mrs. Tipton's revelations.'

'Exactly, my dearest Madam Henry, and so I said to myself yesterday. Hey-day, O la! for sure Mrs. Tipton is an odd creature, and there must be some absurd mistake or falsehood here; for an Squire Hartop had really taken a wife again,

Madam Henry would be like to know, and yet hath not said a word to me on the subject.'

For a moment or two, Madam Henry was completely overpowered, and she could not hide her agitation from the keen glances of Miss Bab, whose face wore a triumphant smile, as she witnessed the effect of her revelation. However, Madam Henry, refusing to admit, even to herself, the possibility of her father-in-law having taken a wife again, at the ripe age of eighty, burst out into a contemptuous laugh.

'Really, 'tis vastly amusing, Miss Bab, this absurd tale from your friend. I must transmit the wondrous news to Roger, that he may hasten home to meet the bride. Was Mrs. Tipton very minute in her details? I hope she wrote you a description of the bride and the wedding; but she doubtless hath done so, for when a trumped-up story goes about, the details are always very minute.'

'The lady's name was—let me see,' and here Miss Bab paused and meditated. 'Oh, now I remember,' she added abruptly,

''twas Squill, and her father is a doctor, and I thought 'twas an odd name; and just for a minute or two, do you know, it came into my head that perhaps the story might really be true, for, said I to myself, the squire went to Scarboro' for his health, and he would most likely go to a doctor, and the doctor may have had a daughter.'

'Ay,' said Madam Henry, curling her lip, 'an my father-in-law had become acquainted with a physician with a marriageable daughter, 'tis like enough the lady would have laid snares for him, as other spinsters do, young and old, who scheme to get men into their toils; but seeing that Squire Hartop holds doctors in little esteem, he is not likely to have sought the society of a Scarboro' physician.'

Though Mrs. Henry spoke so boldly, she was filled with horrible misgivings as to the truth of the story, and hence, she was unable to refrain from inviting Miss Bab to give her all the particulars of Mrs. Tipton's letter, which she, nevertheless, branded as full of ridiculous falsehoods from beginning to end.

Nothing loth, Miss Bab at once produced the letter from her pocket, and commenced reading from the first page:

'"All Scarboro' is talking about the marriage of Squire Hartop to Miss Squill. I and Susan were returning from our morning visits to the Spa House, when we were stopped by a crowd in Queen Street, which was quite filled up with coaches, horses, and a great concourse of people, and we found there was a wedding from the house of Doctor Squill, and that the bride and bridegroom were expected to come out each minute. Susan begged me to stop, and so we got near the house, and there were several footmen in handsome liveries, with wedding favours in their hats, just mounting their horses. The crowd was very thick about the door, but we saw three coaches and six, and were nigh enough to get a good view of the bride and bridegroom when they came out. I was mightily surprised when a lady told me that the bridegroom was Squire Hartop; but though I have not seen him, my dear Miss Bab, I recognised him in a

moment from your description. Such a dear, dapper old gentleman! with such keen dark eyes, and so elegantly dressed: he wore a sky-blue coat and blue satin vest, both embroidered with silver.' "

'Really, an it were not so ridiculous,' said Miss Bab, suspending for a moment her reading of the letter, 'one would think the story was true; why should the people in the crowd say the bridegroom was Squire Hartop?'

Madam Henry made no answer to this inquiry, for she had just been putting one of a similar nature to herself; so Miss Bab continued her reading:

'"The bride was a charming young creature, but she was not dressed very richly and elegantly, according to the present taste; she only had on a blue satin *negligée*, with a spray of blush roses in her hair; she is scarce out of her teens, I should say, but then these old bridegrooms have usually a preference for girl brides. I must tell you that in one of the coaches I saw Will Hartop, the dancing curate, as

they call him; he was dressed in pompadour, with gold buttons—a nice dress for a parson! I met him once in London; his wife Jenny was an old friend of Susan's. It has just occurred to me that I may have been telling you no news, as 'tis probable you have heard all about the wedding from Madam Henry Hartop. I was told that after the wedding, which was to be had at St. Mary's, the new married couple were to set out for the squire's house in York, which had been prepared for the reception of its new mistress, according to instructions that had been despatched a few days before. I forgot to say that the crowd was so great from Doctor Squill's house in Queen Street, all along Castle Road to the church, that the carriages had to drive very slowly."'

Miss Bab having now finished her letter, or, at least, as much of it as referred to the wedding, put it into her pocket. She then commenced putting forth various reasons for disbelieving the report altogether, and the next moment advanced as many in favour of its probable credi-

bility—a mode of argument which so exasperated Madam Henry, that she was on the point of quarrelling with Miss Bab for the second time, when, through the open casement, there came the sound of carriage wheels, the trampling of horses' hoofs, and much bustle and noise.

With an inward presentiment, perhaps, of what was coming, Madam Henry rose hastily from her seat, and stepping into the window recess, looked out upon a cavalcade that had halted at the foot of the drawbridge over the moat.

There were two travelling chariots with four horses, attended by two footmen on horseback, and a post chaise, the latter piled up with luggage, its interior being occupied by servants. From the first coach descended, or rather skipped, old Squire Hartop, for that word might better convey an idea of his sprightliness and agility. With much grace and a tender gallantry visible in his manner, he assisted a lady to descend, in her turn, from the coach.

'What a charming creature! what a sweet girl!' exclaimed Miss Bab, who was peering over Madam Henry's shoulder.

'She is mighty pretty and passably genteel, and to be sure she has all the air of a bride, whoever she be.'

Clad in a rich riding-habit of pale blue cloth, trimmed with silver, and with a white feather in her hat, the lady, after gazing up at the Manor House with an air of great pleasure and satisfaction, smilingly placed her arm within that of Jonathan, and tripped daintily over the bridge, followed by the occupants of the second carriage, these being William Hartop, his wife, and, to the unqualified astonishment of Madam Henry, Roger, whom she had supposed to be in Westmoreland.

Brimful of curiosity, Miss Bab fastened her eyes on the door, in eager expectation of what was to follow.

Madam Henry seated herself, grim and silent, in her high-backed chair. She had only time to mutter the ejaculations, 'What a world we live in! Artful young baggage! Vain hussey!' when presently there were heard voices and laughter, and then the door being thrown open, there entered Squire Hartop and the fair lady in the riding-habit.

They both advanced towards Madam Henry, who, having risen from her seat, stood painfully erect, like a soldier at his post.

For a moment, Squire Hartop seemed to labour under some slight embarrassment, and he seemed a little disconcerted as he encountered the keen, inquiring glances of his daughter-in-law; then, as though inspired by sudden boldness, he gallantly took his bride's hand, saying, as he did so:

'Adad, Katherine, I am very glad to see you—your servant, Miss Bab,' and the squire bowed to that lady. 'Katherine, I am enchanted, perfectly delighted to introduce you to my wife.' And turning to his bride, he said: 'My dear Betsy, this is my daughter, of whom I have spoken to you. She hath kindly ordered my household since the death of my beloved Phœbe; you will now, I know, hasten to relieve her of these onerous duties.'

'My dear madam, suffer me to embrace you,' cried out the late Miss Squill, and suiting the action to the word, and undeterred by Madam Henry's stony glances, the bride kissed her very fervently.

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way, I have neglected a most sacred duty. I am a mother.'

Here Madam Henry paused, and Miss Bab gazed at her friend, struck with admiration at the cleverness of her tactics.

At this juncture, to the great relief of the squire, the housekeeper came in, attended by a footman, carrying a silver salver, with canary wine and glasses and cakes, which he handed round to the company. But the distressed squire's relief was of short duration, for as soon as the attendants had retired, madam, in solemn tones, resumed her speech:

'I am a mother—a mother, and I have neglected my children. 'Tis true, 'twas to watch over and tend your motherless babes, honoured sir, that I neglected my own, but still my heart bleeds, when I think what their forlorn condition hath been, for these long months past. But I can't scold, sir.'

'Bless my soul, my dear Katherine,' exclaimed the squire, in tones of mingled surprise and indignation, ''ad's my life, this is all vastly fine, I assure you, mighty pretty, adad is it! Why, my constant

wishes and efforts have been to induce you to return to your children, ever since you left them, and relieve poor dear Polly of her charge.'

'Truly, I am unfortunate in my endeavours to be of use,' said Madam Henry, with the air of a martyr. 'Good lack! I have sacrificed my children's interests for yours, honoured sir, managed your household and your servants, nursed Roger through his many sicknesses, and done my little best for you, and now you tell me that all the time you only wanted to get rid of me. Alack, alack, what a world is this!'

'Lackaday, my dear madam,' said the bride, in sympathetic tones, though a smile lurked about her mouth, 'men are not so discerning as we women! Sure, my dear husband would not have held you captive here, had he known how your poor heart pined to be with your little family.'

'The artful sauce-box!' muttered Madam Henry to herself.

'I can't scold, quoth-a,' interposed Jonathan, repeating Madam Henry's speech, with a sneer, 'but adad, Katherine, you can say d—— spiteful words.'

'Well, but,' said the bride, addressing Madam Henry, 'let us not lose a moment in setting you free; I will go immediately and rid myself of my travelling apparel, and then, at once take upon my own shoulders the burthen you have borne at such a sacrifice to yourself.'

Dropping a graceful curtsey, young Mrs. Hartop retired, and Miss Bab, in spite of her curiosity to hear more of what might pass, had sufficient lady-like feeling to induce her to follow the bride's example, and take her leave.

Madam Henry gazed after the retreating form of that lady with no very friendly eyes, aware that no town-crier would spread the news of Squire Hartop's marriage quicker and more widely than she would, and that before an hour was over all Aldboro', and Boroughbridge would be apprised of the event, of her ignorance of it until that very day, and of her consequent dismay and vexation.

This reflection, perhaps it was, that made Madam Henry assume a yet more severe aspect when she found herself alone with her father-in-law and Roger, and

dropping the mournful tone she had adopted, she spoke in sharp and rather acrimonious accents:

'I pray you to forgive my freedom of speech, honoured sir, but it seemeth strange indeed to me, that an you were moved, at fourscore years old, to marry at a time when we should be thinking rather of the grave, and of the severing of all worldly ties instead of forming fresh ones, you should have chosen to wed a giddy fashionable young miss. If you must needs marry, why not have chosen some discreet and sober woman of mature years?'

'Nay, my dear Katherine,' replied the squire, with reckless audacity of tone, emboldened by the consciousness of his emancipation from the thrall of his daughter-in-law, ''tis true that I am fourscore, but I am no lean and slippered pantaloon with spectacles on nose, as our great poet writes; adzooks! I have no thoughts of dying yet. I can pull on my boots and do a day with the hounds yet; I feel as strong, as hearty, as well as e'er I was at twenty; and as for my choice of a young wife, since I don't want a nurse, and

am no poor moping, sallow, withered old fellow, sure I may be allowed to please myself.'

'Such as are desirous to marry in haste, have often sufficient time to repent at leisure; that is a proverb, sir, which I have heard from your own lips when you were admonishing others,' said Madam Henry, scornfully; 'you have taken little heed of it yourself.'

'My dear daughter, where is the physician who practises himself the abstinence he recommends to his patients?' replied the squire, shrugging his shoulders.

'Not even Doctor Squill,' observed Roger, slyly.

'Ay, Roger, your young stepmother's father may prescribe for you now. The practice of medicine is one of the most honourable professions exercised by men,' said Madam Henry, in a satirical tone; 'but, an 'twere me, I would mind how I put myself in the hands of any watering-place quack doctor.'

'We are quite agreed there, my dear,' said the squire, in a jocular tone; 'I see you have imbibed my opinions about the

disciples of Æsculapius. Quite right! Why, I said to Roger, when I wrote to him to tell him of my intended marriage, "now, my dear lad, if you come to Scarboro' you must keep clear of the doctors and the waters," those were my very words.'

'Well, well, sir, I have said all I have to say now; as I am no longer needed here, I will take my departure as speedily as possible,' said Madam Henry, assuming once more a tragic tone; 'I trust only that you yourself may never have cause to lament that you did not keep more clear of the doctor. As I said before, and I must repeat it, honoured father,' and the irate lady laid a slight emphasis on these last two words, 'it seemeth mighty unseemly to me that you, at eighty years of age, should have chosen for your wife, your fifth wife, too, a mere girl, so young, so raw, so inexperienced. But I'll no more harp upon that string. I will only remind you of one of your proverbs: "It is not meet that young men should marry yet, or old men ever."'

Having let fly this Parthian shaft,

Madam Henry walked majestically from the room.

'Whew!' whistled Jonathan, looking with a very comical air at Roger, and ere his indignant daughter-in-law was out of ear-shot, he sang in a humorous tone the following stanza:

'Zooks! can't an old man have a young chicken?
A nice little chicken, a tender young chicken,
For his own picking, his own private picking,
Zooks! can't an old man have a young chicken?'

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE CENTENARIAN.

MANY years have passed away since Jonathan Hartop brought his fifth wife home to Aldboro'. During those years various changes have taken place—the least change of all being in the person and appearance of the squire himself, now a centenarian.

He sits, one fine October morning, on a rustic seat under the walls of the Manor House, for the moat has been drained away long since, and a green hollow, clothed with fern leaves, marks the spot where its waters once flowed. The fifth Madam Hartop had pronounced the house damp from the water surrounding it, and so a fiat went forth, and the moat became a thing of the past.

The fifth Madam Hartop had ruled her lord and master discreetly, wisely, and lovingly, but still, she had ruled him, and when she left him once more a widower, in his ninety-fifth year, she bequeathed to him, in the person of her daughter, one who continued mildly, but firmly, to wield the sceptre.

Miss Betty Hartop was tenderly beloved by her father, who persisted, though she was now in her nineteenth year, in calling her Baby. She was a tall, fair, beautiful young lady, blessed with a kind and generous heart, very pleasing and lovable, but a little too determined, at times, that people should be happy only in the way she wished them to be. So, as she had made up her mind, that her father's future happiness demanded, that he should abstain from contracting any sixth nuptials, which, as some of his numerous grandchildren had hinted, he was not ill-inclined for, she kept a vigilant watch over him to prevent the occurrence of any such catastrophe. Certainly, the grandchildren were greatly indebted to Baby, and, though the offspring of another marriage, she was

ever eager and willing to serve her half-brothers and sisters, and to forward their pecuniary interests and those of their children, with her father, so far as lay in her power.

The squire, having now many descendants, was troubled often by applications for help, as some amongst them, particularly Madam Henry's children and grandchildren, had fallen rather low in the social scale. Their applications he was not always willing to accede to, and then it was that Baby mediated and would not cease her intercession, until she had induced the squire to undo his purse-strings, which of late years, he had been inclined to keep more closely drawn.

Of all the squire's children, only one resided with himself and Baby, and this was Roger, the confirmed invalid now, and as carefully watched over by Baby, as he had been, in his youth and early manhood, by Madam Henry, only that Baby's care for him developed itself in a more pleasing, and less arbitrary form than the supervision exercised by his elder sister.

The lapse of years had robbed the squire

of many friends. Death had been busy in his own home circle also, and he would count, sometimes with a mournful air, those who had passed away.

Like figures in a dissolving view, the images of the dear never-forgotten dead rose up before him, now bright and vivid, and then melting away into the mist of the past.

Gay and handsome Walter Strickland, cheery, laughter-loving Will Clifton, and Alderman Tichburn, the austere but kind-hearted Presbyterian, Alice, his first wife, and fair ill-fated Agnes Knaresboro', and his sons Henry and Charles. But ever, when he came to name that best-beloved of all his children, would the old man stop, too full of emotion to proceed in his recapitulation of those whom death had deprived him of, and at such times, he would cry out that he had lived too long. But it was only occasionally that the squire indulged in these melancholy retrospections, he was usually very lively and vivacious and cheerful.

On this pleasant October morning, he had been shooting with his keeper in the

woods for two or three hours, and had bagged no inconsiderable quantity of game, and had now come home, prepared to do ample justice to his mid-day meal. Baby stood by his side, her hand leaning affectionately on his shoulder, and up the avenue, where the sere and yellow leaves of the elms, whirled from the branches by every gust of wind, littered the path, there came two men, one the jovial vicar of the parish, Mr. Kay, a great favourite of the squire, and, according to rumour, a suitor of Miss Baby, the other a thin pale-faced man, with rather a stoop in his shoulders, and with a slow and somewhat feeble gait.

'Poor old fellow, how he ages!' said the squire. 'I fear he is breaking up, Baby. Thanks to that villainous Dutch usurper, he was born sickly and ailing, and hath been so all his life, and now he is sinking into premature old age. Poor old fellow!' he added again, 'he looks more like fourscore than three.'

And the squire gazed compassionately at the vicar's companion, his own son Roger, of whom he always spoke as though his son were the centenarian, and he him-

self the man of sixty. But in sober earnest the squire was certainly, spite of his age, younger than Roger in point of activity, strength, and looks.

'You are a trifle late,' said the squire, shaking his head, when the vicar and his son reached the little rustic bench on which he was seated; 'and let me tell you, when a man hath been strolling through the woods for three or four hours, he is ready for a slice from a smoking sirloin and a glass of good old October.'

'You must not blame Mr. Kay,' said Roger, as they all advanced towards the large entrance door. 'I walked to Boroughbridge with him, and I felt somewhat tired coming back, so we lagged on the road.'

Here Roger was seized with a tiresome fit of coughing, and he fell back in the rear.

'Poor old fellow! he is so imprudent,' said the squire in an undertone to Kay; 'at his age, and subject as he is to so many infirmities, he should take more care of himself.'

'Yes, his years tell upon him,' replied

the vicar, with a smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, as he noticed the pitying looks which his self-complacent host cast upon his son.

They had now reached the dining-room, and having seated themselves at the table, dinner was served, and for some little time conversation flagged, whilst the squire satisfied the cravings of his appetite, which had been pretty sharp after the morning's shooting in the fresh bracing air.

'Fine venison, is it not?' said the squire.

'As prime a haunch as I ever tasted,' replied the vicar, emphatically.

'Egad,' said the squire, laughing, 'I like to see the affection of a lusty divine for a well-dressed haunch. It's my own shooting, Kay. I was out in the park at five o'clock, last morning is a week, and I didn't kill that buck till eight. Couldn't get him away from the rest of the herd. Not bad for a man of a hundred, was it, to trudge through the wet grass for three hours before breakfast?'

'No, indeed, and t'would be hard to find your match, squire.'

'Well, well, I don't boast,' replied the latter, in a magnanimous tone of voice, 'for there have gone before me many men who have attained a far riper age than I have, and still possessed all their faculties, and were strong and able also.'

'I have heard, certainly, of Thomas Parr, who lived, as 'tis said, to be one hundred and fifty years old,' replied the vicar. 'Such instances of longevity are rare, and I trust yours will be one of the number.'

'Rare, do you say?' exclaimed the squire, gaily. 'I perceive, then, you know little on the matter.* Why, I could give you a dozen instances of men who have lived to be considerably upwards of a hundred. Just to go back to the reign of Queen Bess, there was William Pawlet, Marquess of Winchester, he was a hundred and six years old when he died, and lived to see his children's children to the number of one hundred and three. What do you think of that?'

'Bless us and save us!' exclaimed the

* See Wanley's 'Wonders of the Little World,' *London*, 1678.

vicar, 'what a family! Why, 'twas a population in itself. But the marquess was a rich man, or it must have taxed his resources to provide for them all.'

'One of the inconveniences of living to a great age,' replied the squire, rather ruefully, 'is, that a man must see many of his immediate descendants reduced to indigence. 'Tis partly the case with myself. Several of my grandchildren have either through their own fault, or through misfortune, fallen into comparative poverty; and who shall say what their children will come to? And an I beggared myself, I could not set them all up in prosperity. I will tell you, by-and-by, how I am pestered; and Baby there, always plaguing me for money for this one and that one.'

And here the squire looked reproachfully at his daughter, who, with the probable intention of diverting him from a topic which ever caused him some irritation, said:

'But, sir, the marquess was young, as compared with the Countess of Desmond, who lived, as you have told me, to be one hundred and forty.'

'Ay,' replied the squire, solemnly, 'and recovered her teeth after she had cast them three times.'

'Let those who will believe that,' said the vicar, laughing; '"*Credat Judæus!*"'

'Lord Bacon is my authority for it,' replied the squire, gravely; 'but perhaps, an you are inclined to be incredulous, you'll not believe the wonderful things as to age which Mr. Carew tells us, who made a survey of Cornwall.'

'An they are as surprising as this matter of Lady Desmond's teeth,' replied the vicar, 'I doubt I shall be still incredulous.'

''Tis only of the longevity of certain persons that Mr. Carew treats,' said the squire. 'Though, as you disbelieve one thing, you may another,' he added, rather testily; 'to say nothing of one of his own kinsmen who lived to be one hundred and twelve, he tells of one Polezew who attained to one hundred and thirty years.'

'And the Cornish beggar, sir,' interrupted Baby, in an arch tone; ''twas a vastly amusing epigram that Carew wrote upon him.'

'Ay, I'll tell it thee, Kay; nay, I'll sing it,' added the squire, who had become somewhat jovial from the effects of the old October and sundry bumpers of Rhenish; ''twill sound better. I adapted the words to an air which Baby plays on the harpsichord.'

The squire then sung, in a not unmelodious voice, spite of his hundred years, the following words:

'Here Brawne the quondam beggar lies,
Who vaunted by his tale,
Some six score winters and above,
Such virtue is in ale.
Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth;
Ale did his death deprive;
And could he still have drunk his ale
He had been still alive.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed the vicar, laughing. 'I like the epigram, but I like your singing better. Your voice is full of power yet, sir; and as Cornwall can boast of Brawne and his six score, Yorkshire may be none the less fortunate in yourself, in the end.'

'Ay, there's no knowing what length of years I may reach to,' replied the squire;

'but Yorkshire is not behindhand, as it is. Have you never heard of Henry Jenkins?'

The vicar was compelled to avow that he had not, when the squire, evidently perfectly at home in the matter he was discussing, cried out:

'Why, you surprise me. He was a Yorkshireman, and died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, aged ——.' Here the squire paused, then added with a smile, 'Perhaps you will not believe me when I tell you how old.'

'I'll believe you, sir; but then, if the man's age be anything very wondrous, I may say that you yourself have been misinformed.'

'You must accuse those who put up a monument to Jenkins at Bolton, not so many years since—1743, I believe.* The epitaph tells us, that he lived to the amazing age of one hundred and sixty-nine, and was interred there, December 6, 1670,' added the squire, in a triumphant tone.

'What a melancholy thing to live to be such an age!' said Roger, who was trifling

* 'London Magazine' of 1753.

with his dinner with the sickly air of an invalid.

'Poor old fellow!' murmured the squire in an undertone; 'he doth not enjoy life himself, and he imagines such to be the case with others.' Then he added, in a louder key, 'I believe Jenkins was happy enough; he had his health and strength, and interested people mightily with his recollections. Why, he had fought at Flodden, and had seen Henry VIII. and many other English sovereigns besides.'

'You too have seen many of them,' observed Baby.

'Indeed, I have, Baby,' replied the old squire. 'I remember the Protector; I saw him just before his death; there hangs his picture by Cooper,' and the squire pointed to it; 'it belonged to Roger's mother; Squire Holland would give me a good round sum for it, if I would part with it. As for Charles II., I was often admitted to his company; I was a gay gallant then, and loved the Court; I was intimate with Tom Killigrew, one of the great wits there. I was often about the Court too, when the brave sailor duke be-

came James II.; but when he was forced into exile, and the detestable Dutchman, Hogan Mogan—as we then called him—and his detestable wife, ruled the kingdom, why, then I betook myself to Hartop Park and a country life, resolved to eschew the Court.'

'And what of Queen Anne?' asked the parson, with a smile. 'She favoured the Tories; had you no love for her either?'

'Not much. I had loved the father, so I could not love his unkind, unnatural, and treacherous daughter. No, I was not an admirer of Queen Anne; but still I regretted her death, as that event brought in the Hanoverian usurper. You and I have no liking for the Germans, Kay; the people don't like them, for they hardly understand our language; and the nobility laugh and sneer behind their backs at their low tastes and uncouth manners.'

Parson Kay made no reply to this diatribe on the reigning dynasty, than by singing the following stanza of a well-known song:

'The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I will allegiance bear—
While they can keep possession.'

'Quite right, Kay, quite right. You are not a fighting man, so you bide your time. The king shall have his ain again, and this wretched country will then be rid of Hanoverian rats and Hanoverian electors. Zounds!' exclaimed the irate squire, 'my stables swarm with that cursed grey rat. We had none of 'em before the Elector George brought them over here with his crew of beggarly Germans, male and female, who lay hands on all the money within their reach. Confound all foreigners, I say!'

And here the squire thumped the table with his fist.

'But the money these foreigners get,' said the parson, 'is a trifle compared with the enormous expenses we are put to for that petty Hanoverian State, and for paying German troops to defend it. What a terrible debt we have now.'

'What interest have we in that beggarly State? The elector is for ever going to it

like his father. What the d——l is Hanover to us?' exclaimed the squire. 'But I'll tell you what, Kay, if our own native kings had ever asked for a tithe of the money these foreigners get, they would have risked their crowns. So much for Whig rule.'

'Well,' said the parson, 'I felt proud that there was one English nobleman, at least, who was bold enough to stand up and tell the House that it was too much, that, after calling the Elector of Hanover from obscurity to a throne, we should be obliged to hire his own German troops to defend his own German dominions.'

'And who was that nobleman, Kay? 'Twas well said.'

'Lord Chesterfield,' replied the parson.

'I hated Dutch William; but as for the Hanoverians—well, Kay, Jacobite as you are, you can hardly comprehend my abhorrence of them—cruel, implacable——'

Here the squire paused, overcome by excitement and bitter recollections of the loss of those dear to him, who had lost their lives in the fatal years of '15 and '45. When he spoke again, his eyes

were full of tears, and his voice as full of sorrow.

'Small wonder that the names of the two Georges should be abhorrent to me. They come before my mind's eye with a mist of blood around them—the blood of two beloved ones. My gay, light-hearted Charles, who was only saved from a cruel and ignominious death on the scaffold, by the accident which terminated his life at Brimham—a happy accident I will call it, as my poor Polly did. Poor Polly!' he repeated, 'she has gone too. You never saw her, Kay. She lived here the last few years of her life, and here she died, and lies with my brave Charles in our old vault, united in the grave at last.'

The squire remained buried in mournful silence for a few moments, and the vicar, wishful to change the conversation, asked if he intended passing the winter in York? an unfortunate question.

'Never again,' sighed the squire. 'York, alas! hath too many bitter memories for me. George I. robbed me of my son; George II. of my grandson, Luke. That lad was my favourite, the living image of

my father; in his face I saw reproduced the face that smiled upon me, long years ago, in the old house in the Minories. Poor boy! he was but a boy, only eighteen; he was butchered at York in the fatal '45; and one of my oldest friends, one of the few links connecting me with the past, Squire Tancred, was butchered at the same time, and his skull bleaches, even now, over the old Bar at Micklegate. No, Parson Kay, be my time yet short or long on earth, I shall never again set foot in the old metropolis of the north.'

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE BALL AT THE QUEEN.

The Queen, the oldest hotel in Harrogate, was very full of visitors one stormy night in October, when the wind howled over the wild common, bare and bleak, as Doctor Smollett then described the now gay and fashionable watering-place.

However, there was life and bustle enough, even then, within the walls of the old inns, especially on those nights when a ball was to take place; and as the season was now drawing to a close, and this ball at the Queen was to be one of the last, every effort had been made to make it a success, and more than one blooming young Yorkshire beauty was to make her first appearance, in the world of fashion, on this occasion.

The Queen was crowded with visitors from roof to basement, and in one of its rambling, dusky old rooms, with broad bow window, and huge antique stove, in which the fire blazed cheerily, reflecting, from the Dutch tiles, lining either side of the fireplace, a red glow over the dark panelled walls, sat two ladies and three gentlemen, gathered round the fire, sipping tea out of small old china cups.

Of the gentlemen, the youngest was a mere youth, with the blue eyes, reddish hair, and somewhat broad accent of a son of Caledonia; whilst the elder numbered not less than six-score, though few, to look at his lithe and supple figure, and his bright dark eyes, still keen and piercing, to hear his clear, sonorous voice, and to listen to his lively and playful sallies, and his entertaining conversation, would have thought this possible.

But it was true, nevertheless, and Squire Hartop of Hartop Park was quite an object of interest to all the visitors at Harrogate.

The squire had promised to attend the ball that night, with his daughter Baby,

now the wife of Parson Kay, the worthy vicar himself, and Alick Cameron, a great-grandson of the squire's, an orphan, whose father, a kinsman of Lochiel, had fallen at Culloden, and who, on his mother's death, had been received at Hartop Park, where Baby and her husband had resided since their marriage.

Roger, the 'poor old fellow,' having attained the age of seventy, had passed to his rest.

Squire Hartop was dressed in a cut velvet coat and waistcoat of cinnamon colour, embroidered with gold, and his head was adorned with a neatly powdered white bob-wig; and quite a dapper, trim-looking old gentleman he looked, whose real age the uninitiated could never have surmised.

The parson and his wife, both plump and of genial aspect, appeared like people well satisfied with themselves and the world in general, and young Cameron was quite a beau, in blue frock with gold buttons and velvet breeches, white silk stockings, and his own hair adjusted in graceful, though negligent curls. The mother-in-

law of the master of the inn, who, though she numbered four-score, dwarfed into insignificance when compared with her son's guest, had been invited to drink a dish of tea with the squire, for this deaf old lady, with her few white locks and dim eyes, was none other than our old acquaintance, Ann Stout, the fair young Quakeress of Lancaster, who, more than half a century since, had aided Charles Hartop to escape from Lancaster Castle. She had long been a widow, and had come to end her days with her youngest and favourite child.

The greatest subject of interest to the old dame was the squire's age, of which she seemed slightly jealous, for, spite of her deafness and failing eyesight, she was an active woman still, and often boasted of her powers as a pedestrian; but now the woman of four-score years found herself eclipsed, even in this particular, by a man of six-score, as he deemed himself, though by the pertinacity with which she questioned the squire as to his early recollections, it was evident that she had some faint suspicions as to his veracity.

'I suppose this will be one of the grandest

balls of the season,' said young Cameron, who had been surveying his own handsome face very complacently in a mirror, hanging on the wall opposite him. 'I heard that a young lady visiting in the neighbourhood was expected, a great beauty, and a large fortune. I shall try to have the honour of walking a minuet with her; who knows but I may have a chance of gaining her esteem?'

'Nay, but you are vastly conceited, sirrah,' said the squire, gaily; 'are you such a pretty fellow or such a gentleman of condition, as to think that a lady possessed of such attractions and advantages will have aught to do with you?'

'Well, Friend Hartop,' exclaimed the old Quaker lady, rising rather abruptly from her seat, 'an thou and thy friends would be in time for the opening of the ball, 'twere best go at once, for 'tis nigh on to the stroke of six, and the master of the ceremonies wishes all the company to assemble as soon as possible after that hour, as the ball breaks up at eleven exactly. I hope, Friend Cameron, thou wilt enjoy thyself,' added the old Quaker lady, smiling kindly on the youth; 'thou must know

that the Friends hold fiddling and dancing to savour too much of the world's ways, and to have been invented by the Evil One to feed vain and airy minds withal, that they may not come to gravity and solidity; but, for myself, I have always liked to see young people enjoy themselves.'

'Friend Ann, we shall hope to see you at breakfast,' said Jonathan, warmly pressing the old dame's hand, and then following his daughter from the room, with the light and agile step of a young man.

'One hundred and twenty,' murmured Friend Ann, half aloud, as she looked after him. 'He must have been forty, at least, when I first heard his poor son speak of him, sixty years ago, so, an he exaggerates a little, he must still be turned a hundred. 'Tis a wonderful man. How hale he looks! Will he ever die?'

And propounding this question to herself, which she was in the habit of putting a dozen times in the day to her son-in-law and daughter, she went to her own apartments, whilst the squire, with his daughter and the vicar, and young Alick Cameron, found their way to the assembly-room.

The assembly-room was a handsome and spacious chamber, brilliantly lighted up with chandeliers and girandoles filled with wax candles.

The master of the ceremonies, a trim, dapper little gentleman, dressed in a very elegant suit of blue velvet, embroidered with silver, had been at his post from the first, and was to be seen tripping backwards and forwards, between the ball-room and the card and tea-rooms, to be at hand in a moment, to compose any dispute or altercation that might arise amongst the company, for even the fair and gentle sex were prone to squabble sometimes, and to see that his regulations were observed. The master of the ceremonies was, in fact, quite an autocrat in his domain, and his rule was firm, though mild. It was absolutely necessary, he wrote in his code of regulations, which he had hung up in the rooms, that in so polite an assembly as that at Harrogate the utmost decorum and a propriety in dress be observed.

On the seats, at the upper end of the room, were seated peeresses and other ladies of precedence, as they were styled in

the regulations of the master of the ceremonies, while the seats in the side rows were filled with ladies, some dressed in full trimmed sacques, others in full trimmed Italian nightgowns and petticoats, with lappets and trimmed hoops, all in obedience to the fiat of that potentate. Gentlemen sauntered about the ball-room, dancing not having as yet commenced. And as in those days the full dress of a gentleman was not, as in these, restricted to a suit of sober black, their full trimmed coats and French frocks, of various colours, were to the full as gay, as the silks and satins of the ladies, whilst from their hair, or wigs, dressed in bags, there was wafted occasionally a subtle odour of perfume.

Leaving Alick in the ball-room to await, as he said, the advent of the fair West Indian heiress, the squire, in company with his daughter and son-in-law, made his way to the card-room, which, like the ball-room, was brilliantly lighted up.

Gentlemen in richly laced velvet coats, and elaborately powdered wigs were either seated at the tables or standing about the room, but all, whether they intended to

play or not, carried whist-books in their hands—indeed, no one was thought qualified for fashionable conversation without one.

There were several card-tables in the room, and Jonathan, with the vicar and Baby, and a portly widow lady, sat down to play a quiet rubber for moderate points, and they played their game and enjoyed it, for not being very scientific players they did not lose their tempers.

A great contrast was to be seen, however, at some of the other card-tables. An indifferent spectator might have observed elegant and refined ladies, who, before sitting down to play, seemed to have been bosom friends, suddenly become, as it were, sworn and inveterate enemies. The party at a table close beside that occupied by the squire and his friends presented a fair type of other players. There sat at it an old gentleman, an elderly beau, and two maiden ladies of a *certain age*. Fierce and eager were the glances which the two gentlemen cast upon each other, whilst the two fair ladies, pale with wrath, their features distorted, almost trembled with excitement

when either of them chanced to lose a guinea. Then the elder of the spinsters revoked, an act of atrocity which made her partner, the old gentleman, fairly gnash his teeth, and become purple in the face with suppressed passion; however, as a reward for his politeness in not venting his wrath in words, he subsequently had the consolation of seeing the elderly beau trump his partner's ace, in a fit of distraction, probably induced by his inward exultation at his adversary's previous misfortune. But great as was the apparent excitement and agitation of the players, their losses were not ruinous, as it was a strictly enforced regulation of the master of the ceremonies, that no hazard or unlawful games should be played in the rooms, on any pretence whatever.

Meanwhile Alick was sauntering about the ball-room. Dancing had begun, but he awaited, with something of boyish eagerness, the coming of the fair West Indian heiress, with whom, though he had not yet seen her, he had begun to fancy himself desperately in love.

An unusual stir and bustle soon an-

nounced her arrival, in company with the friends, at whose house she was staying and her uncle.

Beautiful she certainly was, very young, and full of the liveliness and vivacity of a child.

Perhaps it was Alick's boyish looks and handsome face that suggested to the master of the ceremonies, that the young gentleman would be a suitable partner for the young lady; but, however that might be, he came to Alick in a few moments, and looking towards the place where the beautiful West Indian heiress was seated, told him he would introduce him to a most charming young creature, who seemed to wish to dance a minuet, and to be waiting for a suitable partner, for the gentleman who accompanied her could not dance, as he was not in full dress.

Alick, enraptured, at once advanced towards the young lady, in company with the master of the ceremonies, was introduced to her, begged she would do him the honour of walking a minuet with him, a request to which she acceded with the greatest affability, and he then led her out. The

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company encircled the space on which she danced, and were charmed by her graceful movements, whilst Alick was transported to the seventh heaven. After the dance was over, he handed her to the seat where her friends were, from whom he received many compliments, and, moreover, had the felicity of conversing with the young lady herself, whilst other minuets were being danced.

But if the players in the card-room gave way to mutual feelings of wrath and animosity and envy, the dancers in the ball-room were not wholly exempt from the like baleful sensations.

After the minuets the country dances were begun. Now, it was the rule to allow a reasonable time to elapse between each country dance, so that all the ladies intending to dance might have time to take their places according to their respective ranks. Still, now and then, some captious young lady would cause a little disagreement by standing on her rights.

On this evening, the ball-room witnessed two such *fracas*, only quelled by the calm, but rigidly enforced authority of the master of the ceremonies.

First, the partner of one young lady, at her request, called out to the band to play the popular country dance of the 'Hip Doctor,' while the partner of another young lady immediately called for the 'Rakes of Perth.' The dispute seemed likely to wax high between the 'Hip Doctor' and the 'Rakes of Perth.' Certainly, the gentlemen, the partners of the contending fair ones, were frigidly polite to each other, yet their looks were ominous and belligerent; whilst from the ladies' eyes scorn and defiance darted forth. However, the prompt appearance of that potentate, the master of the ceremonies, poured oil on the troubled waters, and soon put an end to the dispute. He heard the facts of the case, and then he authoritatively decided who was in the wrong, and yet his decision was given in so equitable and obliging a manner, that even the guilty parties were satisfied, and the intended duellists, for each gentleman had, in his inmost soul, resolved to call the other out, renounced their murderous design.

The second disagreement arose from the fact of a certain Lady Betty Bewley

standing up after a country dance was begun and placing herself at the top, instead of the bottom, claiming precedence from her rank.

Lady Betty happened to be in a very ill-temper: she had hitherto been the belle of the season, and now, to her great disgust, saw herself eclipsed by the young West Indian heiress; but at least, as a lady of rank, she said to herself, she would triumph over her rival; and so, though the fair stranger stood up before her, the lady of precedence rudely displaced her, and again a duel between the respective partners of the two ladies might have been the consequence, had not the master of the ceremonies, as if by magic, appeared on the spot. He would not suffer any person, of whatsoever rank, to infringe his rules and regulations, no: and so he politely and calmly informed Lady Betty that whether she was a lady of precedence or not, the rule was, that as she had stood up to dance after the country dance was begun, she must take her place at the bottom.

This the irate Lady Betty was fain to *do*, and the fair West Indian danced again

with Alick; and, the dance over, once more he escorted her to her seat, all the other gentlemen envying the good fortune of the raw Scotch lad, as they contemptuously called him.

The squire and his party having finished their rubber, were watching their neighbours with some amusement, when Alick made his appearance, his handsome face flushed and smiling, and his auburn curls shining like red gold in the radiance of the many wax lights.

'Congratulate me, sir,' he said, laying his hand on his grandsire's shoulder; 'I have danced with her.'

'With whom?' exclaimed the squire.

'With the fair West Indian heiress, sir, the loveliest and most charming creature in the world, full of vivacity and archness. I don't know which is the sweetest, her smile or her voice.'

'Over head and ears in love—poor youth!' said the squire, in a tone of affected commiseration. 'But tell us, Alick, all about your goddess.'

Alick hastened to relate all that had passed in the ball-room, and finished by imploring his grandfather to come at once,

that he might be introduced to the lady, who had expressed a great wish to see him.

Nothing loth, the squire, attended by the vicar and his wife, followed Alick into the ball-room, and they came almost immediately, front to front, with the object of their search, for in real truth, the fair young West Indian was full of curiosity to see the wonderful old gentleman of a hundred and twenty.

Strange, and alarming and sudden, however, was the effect which the sight of this lovely girl had upon Jonathan Hartop. A deathly pallor overspread his countenance; he extended his arms, and then clasped his hands wildly together, uttering some faint and unintelligible words, as he fell back unconscious into the arms of his son-in-law.

In a moment the music was hushed; fear and alarm fell upon the company, and the whisper ran round from one to another that the old man was dying or dead; and, indeed, to look at his white, rigid face, it seemed as though Friend Ann would have her question, 'Will he ever die?' answered that evening, once and for ever; and so came to an abrupt termination the ball at *the* Queen.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### 'WILL HE EVER DIE?'

THE ball-room was deserted, and Jonathan Hartop lay still and unconscious in that room, where only two or three hours previously, he had sat sipping tea and chatting pleasantly with his daughter and son-in-law.

Several persons were now in the chamber, the vicar and his wife, Alick, Friend Ann, the master and mistress of the hotel, and, impelled by other motives than those of curiosity, the fair West Indian heiress and her uncle. Now this gentleman had studied medicine in his earlier years, and pending the arrival of a physician, who had been at once sent for, he had tendered his services, which were thankfully accepted by the old squire's friends.

Very slowly the old man revived, but so great had been the fears of those present that they hailed, with inexpressible relief and thankfulness, the first faint signs of recovery.

Gradually the deathly pallor of the face disappeared, the limbs became less rigid, and at length, the eyes unclosed, and the white lips moved tremblingly.

'Agnes, my beloved, where is she?' asked the squire, in pitiful tones, as he raised his dim eyes imploringly to those who were standing about him.

'Was it all nothing but a dream, or did she really come to me from the land of spirits to warn me that I should soon be with her? I saw her in the ball-room.'

''Twas but my niece you saw, sir,' replied the stranger, in a soothing tone; 'my young niece, Miss Agnes Knaresboro'.'

'Your niece, do you say? And the name of Agnes Knaresboro'? I pray you, sir, let me look upon her again; for in form and face she is a marvellous counterpart of my beloved wife, whose name, it appears, she also bears.'

Mr. Knaresboro' motioned to his niece

to approach, the fair young heiress having kept diffidently in the background. Gently and tenderly she bent over the old man, her fine eyes brimful of sympathy and compassion.

'Like, oh so like!' murmured the squire, as he entwined his cold fingers around her warm hand; 'like my Agnes, when I first knew her, full of life and gaiety; but still more like to what she was in the last hour of her life, when, lying bleeding and dying in the Great Chamber, she gazed with such infinite love on her heart-stricken husband. My dear sir, though you and your niece be reputed West Indians, sure you must be descended from the Knaresboros of Knaresborough?'

'Why, so in truth we are,' replied Mr. Knaresboro', 'and in a direct line; but my grandfather left Yorkshire nearly a century ago. My niece, sir, was named after a great aunt, your wife possibly, though the name of Agnes hath been held by many females of the family.'

At this juncture, the duly qualified doctor of medicine arrived, and after he had asked a few questions of his patient and

written a prescription, he gave orders that the squire should be left to repose, and that great quiet must be enforced throughout the house, as rest was what the patient needed most.

It was not for some days that his friends could feel easy on his account, as his great age naturally made them fear fatal results from the shock he had received.

However, he began, at length, to recover his usual cheerfulness, and many a pleasant hour did he spend with his new-found relatives, who, at his earnest request, were to accompany him, on his return to Hartop Park.

The Knaresboro', a cadet of the family, who, it appeared, had gone out to the West Indies, had prospered better than the head of the house in England; for while the fortunes of the latter were declining, those of the former were in the ascendant. The cadet made a fortune, and after his death his sons added greatly to the wealth he had amassed; their children, in turn, were equally prosperous, and so Agnes, being an only child, came to be an heiress.

The little party of friends often met

together in the old squire's room, and it is scarcely necessary to say how enraptured Alick Cameron had been at the turn events had taken. The course of true love in his case ran smooth enough. Agnes evidently was tenderly disposed towards him, and her uncle, he perceived, would throw no obstacle in the way; so, under cover of the loud voices of the rest of the company, who had to speak in a high key for the benefit of Friend Ann, who usually formed one of the party, they could make love undisturbed.

Squire Hartop's age was often the theme of discourse, especially with Mr. Knaresboro' and Friend Ann, who might, ever and anon, be heard murmuring to herself, 'Will he ever die?'

'So marvellous! Sure the like was never heard of,' said the dame. 'And Friend Hartop is so full of vivacity and activity at an age which none have ever reached since the deluge,' and again she muttered to herself, 'Will he ever die?'

'Nay, nay, Friend Ann,' said the squire, smiling. 'As I have often told you, others have lived to be as old as I am; I' faith,

Knaresboro',' he continued, turning to the latter with a shrug of the shoulders, 'I have good cause to remember that fact. My old master, a brute of a pedagogue, called Silex, birched me well for laughing and calling out, "What a lie!" when I was reading in old Herodotus that Arganthonius, king of Tartessus, lived one hundred and twenty years.* I dare say, Knaresboro', you remember where the Father of History tells us this.'

'Ay, to be sure,' replied Knaresboro', laughing; 'but what an extraordinary memory you must have, to remember an incident so far back as in your school-days.'

'Well, it is curious,' said the squire, musing; 'but I find that I remember things that happened in my boyhood and youth better than many that occurred to me later in life.'

'Now, that is strange,' remarked Friend Ann. 'My memory is well nigh gone—it's awful bad. Wonderful! wonderful!' and she again repeated, in a low key, her question: 'Will he ever die?'

'Well, my dear sir,' said Mr. Knares-

* Herod. i. 163.

boro', reverting to the subject of age, 'it is quite true that others have attained even to your present unusually great age; but it is not so much your length of years that amazes me, as the vigour of your intellect, your cheerful gaiety, and your sound state of health; for your late indisposition was caused by the surprise and shock you had sustained.'

'Why, truly,' replied Jonathan, with some complacency, 'I have been mercifully spared so far, and have had a long lease—a very long lease. But, as the wise man saith, "They live very ill who always think to live," so I hope to be ready whenever my time comes. Man's life is lent him for a time, and He that gave it, may justly demand it when He will. 'Tis true, thanks to God! I have not felt the infirmities which I have seen come upon men two or three score younger than myself. There was my son Roger, poor old fellow! he was barely seventy when he died, and I'll assure you, he was more than once mistaken for the centenarian, and I for the son. One might have applied to him Will Shakespeare's words, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans

taste, sans everything." Ah, poor old fellow! an he had adopted the diet which I have prescribed for myself for some years past, and that is milk, he might have been alive yet. But he was always ailing, poor old fellow! thanks to the Dutch usurper.'

'And since how long, Friend Jonathan Hartop,' asked Friend Ann, who, spite of her deafness, had heard the squire's remarks on milk and longevity, 'hast thou drank milk only as a beverage? It appears to have suited thee so well, I am minded to try it myself.'

'Well, it may have been some time after my last wife's death,' said the squire. 'But I took the notion of a milk diet from an old uncle of my dear wife Agnes, one Roger Knaresboro', a missionary priest, who lived to a great age, and died in France.'

'I have heard speak of him. But an you were to stay here long, sir, and make many converts to your beverage,' said Knaresboro', laughing; 'mine host of the Queen, this good lady's son-in-law, would have to close his cellars and open a dairy.'

'Nay, I should not make many prose-

lytes, I believe,' replied the squire; 'but I attribute the present good state of health I enjoy to a sparing diet and pure good milk instead of wine.'

'Also, sir, the calm and easy state of your mind, which, happily, hath naught to disturb its tranquillity,' said Knaresboro', 'must contribute to the preservation of your bodily health.'

'Come, come, cousin,' replied the squire, a little impatiently, 'don't think I have nothing to disturb me: I am not used to complain, but my life has its thorns; "a long life hath commonly young cares annexed with it," so the old proverb says. A man who can count his grandchildren and great-grandchildren by scores is not like to be always at peace! No, no; an 'twere not for Baby I should be torn to pieces amongst 'em.'

Knaresboro', who could not help smiling, then said:

'You are quite right, sir, and I can well understand that amongst so many descendants, some there must be who disturb, at times, your happy frame of mind.'

'Yes, 'tis not comforting to see half a

dozen letters before you, and to know that each contains a request for money. To be sure, it is usually asked for as a loan. I always tell the rascals, "I never lend; what I can afford, I will give you." Adzooks! I know full well, that an I were to look for repayment, I should never get it. Riches, as the saying is, are ill-bestowed on a covetous-minded man, and I hope I am not that; but, in justice to those who have not borrowed from me, I shall debit to those who have, in my will, that what I have given them. Once only, in my long life, have I received back a loan that I had made to a friend, and that with interest, though his circumstances were low, yea, very low, thof his great genius merited something more for him than poverty. But to live poorly and honestly is better than to live richly and wickedly.'

'And who was your friend, sir, who was so singular in repaying you a loan?' asked Baby, with some curiosity, 'for sure I have never heard you speak of that matter before.'

'Why, no,' replied the squire, 'he writ me an angry letter when I would have had

him keep the money, for in truth 'twas but £50; but his pride was equal to his genius. You will find his letter amongst my papers when I am gone, Baby; 'tis a relic of a great man—of our illustrious blind poet, John Milton.'

# PART VII.

'Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### FINIS.

'BLESSED are the dead which die in the Lord. Squire Jonathan Hartop is departed, son of Master Luke Hartop was. Their company is desired to-morrow, at five o'clock, and at six he is to be bu-ri-ed.'*

This was the mournful summons delivered, according to an old custom in the North, in lugubrious tones, by the bellman of Aldborough, one bright June morning,

* Brand's 'Popular Antiquities,' vol. ii., p. 159.

as he marched through the quaint little village, the old Isuriam of the Romans. Then he made his way to Boroughbridge, along the highway, white and dusty, but shadowed by the branches of huge elms, oaks, and chestnuts, whose boughs interlaced each other, so that only stray sunbeams fell on the road beneath.

On reaching Boroughbridge, the bellman shouted out his melancholy tidings once more. On Chapel Hill, he halted at the base of the old stone cross, and a little crowd gathered around him. From thence he went to High Street and to Horse Fair. He stopped under the walls of the Crown Inn, the old home of the Tancreds, the house where Squire Hartop had often been entertained as a guest, in years long gone by. On, even to the banks of the Ure, went the energetic bellman, singing his doleful ditty on the old stone bridge over the broad stream, where the squire had passed many an hour angling, more than a hundred years before.

No wonder that on a hot June morning the bellman should find his throat dry with so much shouting, and so he dropped in,

now and then, to get a draught of ale, visiting in rotation, the Three Greyhounds in Horse Fair, the Swan and the Black Lion, in High Street, and lastly, the Malt Shovel, on his way back to Aldborough, and at this last inn he found his own particular crony, the Aldborough sexton.

'Poor old gentleman! so he has gone at last,' said the sexton; 'one a'most began to think he was going to live for ever.'

'And is it true that he was as old as they give out?' asked the landlady of the Malt Shovel, who had only recently come with her husband to Boroughbridge.

'True enough, ma'am,' replied the bellman; 'he was one hundred and thirty-eight years old this last spring. Why, his daughter, our parson's wife, is nearer sixty than fifty, and he was past fourscore when she were born.'

'Body o' me! did you ever? Ods heartikins! I wouldn't like to live to be that old myself,' said the landlady, shaking her head doubtfully.

'Ay, but he has been a good man,' replied the sexton; 'he will be sorely missed at Aldborough. Why, until the last year

or two he was as active and busy as who but he, and could walk as well as ever, I believe.'

And so Jonathan Hartop had come, at length, to the end of his long life, gently passing out of existence, without apparently a sigh or a struggle, when the last hour came.

For a few months preceding his death, he had dozed away the greater part of the day, his slumbers being calm and peaceful as those of an infant. When he awoke, he appeared slightly delirious, and would often fancy himself surrounded by the friends of his youth or his early manhood; and, lying back in his bed in the Great Chamber, his nerveless fingers feebly grasping the bed-clothes, he would talk of his dear mother, the little lady of the old house in the Minories; or of the rigid but kind-hearted Presbyterian, Alderman Tichburn, and the house in Cheapside, where he had spent many happy days with fair Alice Tichburn and Joan Oliver, his playmates when a young boy, afterwards his wives; of his kind friend and guardian, Captain Strickland, and of his old uncle, the former Squire of Hartop Park, and the admirer of the Fair Hebe. Full of delusions like these,

he would fancy himself to be now in Spring Garden, mingling with the courtiers of the Merry Monarch, then in the camp at Blackheath, or again in the hospital ship at the mouth of the Texel.

His delusions, however, seldom seemed to distress him; he had slipped back into second childhood, into a state of blissful ignorance, of placid tranquillity and unconsciousness, while his feeble smile and vacant eye drew tears from those who loved him so well, and who saw that the body had outlived the mind, that the grosser part had triumphed for a time over the more sensitive and delicate.

During the last eighteen years, since he had met at Harrogate his fair young relative, Agnes Knaresboro', afterwards, in due time, the happy wife of Alick Cameron, but few shadows had fallen on his path. One affliction, however, the old squire had had to endure before the end of his long pilgrimage—an affliction that was enhanced, from the fact of the event which caused it recalling vividly to his memory his own great grief, when he lost his favourite son Charles by a cruel and untimely death.

When the storm, which had been long gathering in the western hemisphere, at last burst, and Great Britain became engaged in an obstinate and bloody conflict with its American subjects, though Squire Hartop had, along with many others in different parts of the kingdom, signed a humble address and petition to the king, imploring his Majesty 'to exert his influence for the re-establishment of peace, and to put a stop to the dreadful and destructive consequences of a most unnatural civil war,' yet the old squire was not so bigoted in his own sentiment, as decidedly to object to any of his relations taking active part with the mother-country in the contest.

He had many grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and even great-great-grandchildren, and of such a host of descendants, all were not even known to him, but amongst those who were, there was one in whom he took a special interest, a son of one of Madam Henry's daughters, an only child, the sole issue of a late marriage, and the one hope of his widowed mother, who was growing old and infirm.

Now, this boy was a midshipman on

board his Majesty's ship *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Pearson, and which then lay off Scarborough.

Great as was the joy of the mother and grandfather that the young sailor was now so near them, their joy was turned into alarm and anxiety one fine September morning, in the year of grace 1779, when news came how, on the twenty-third day of the month, a flying squadron of American and French ships, commanded by the dreaded Paul Jones, had appeared off Flamborough Head, how the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarboro'* had come to an engagement with the enemy, how, after a long and bloody fight, the English ships had struck to the Americans, and how the captain of the *Serapis* and his crew were prisoners of war.*

For many days the poor anxious mother and the fond old grandsire had fluctuated between hope and fear, not knowing whether this poor youth had been saved or whether he had been killed in the engagement.

A solitary footfall in the avenue at night would make the mother's heart beat wildly,

* The 'London Magazine' for 1779.

and not a letter came to the squire that he did not open with feverish impatience.

And the news came at last, on a wild stormy night in October, and with a superstitious feeling, not to be overcome, for the old man dreaded, as harbingers of evil, these blustering gales, which always reminded him of the untimely end of his dear son Charles; he opened the letter, written, he found, by Captain Pearson, from the Texel.

Hope sprang up in his heart when he saw the signature, for as Captain Pearson had been saved, it was possible the boy had been saved also. The Texel! What memories the name brought with it! of those long, weary days when he himself had lain wounded, nearly unto death, in the dark, foul-smelling hospital-ship; perchance, he thought, the boy might be in the same plight, and even this was better than death. But no; fortune had been less kind, and the gallant young midshipman lay fathoms deep below the German Ocean, sleeping his last long sleep. He had been wounded, and when the *Bon-Homme-Richard,* Paul Jones's ship, on to which he had been

carried a prisoner, sank through the damages she had received in the fight, he, along with many other poor wounded men, went down with her.

On the day of Squire Hartop's funeral all Aldborough and Boroughbridge were astir; tenants and neighbours, and people even from a considerable distance, flocked to the park to witness the unusually long funeral procession; some from curiosity, but most of them from a wish to show a last tribute of respect to a man, so marvellous by age and so generally esteemed, on account of his sterling goodness and worth.

It was a bright, beautiful June afternoon, the heat of the day was past, a pleasant breeze stirred the leaves of the lofty elms in the avenue, and the shadows were growing longer on the smooth green sward lining the whilom bed of the moat, whilst the latticed casements of the Manor House, facing the west, were lit up with the radiant light.

The procession was now formed in front of the old Manor House, and all down the long avenue stood an eager, but orderly

and respectful, crowd of spectators, while at intervals, from the square grey tower of the church the tolling of the funeral bell sounded mournfully on the sweet summer air.

And now the signal was given for the procession to start. First walked the Vicar of Aldborough, the son-in-law of the deceased squire, in full canonicals, and holding his prayer-book in one hand and a bough of rosemary in the other. He was followed immediately by the coffin, borne on the shoulders of six men, tenants on the estate, whilst each of the four corners of the large black velvet pall was held by a near relative. Four very old men were these pall-bearers—one, indeed, the heir-at-law, was upwards of ninety; he was the son of Colonel Henry Hartop, and in his sunk yet keen grey eyes, and sharp though withered features, there was a lurking likeness of his mother, Madam Henry, Will Clifton's imperious elder daughter, and whilom the poor dead squire's commander-in-chief. Another son of the colonel and Madam Henry, seventy years of age and more, a trim, dapper little

gentleman, more like his dead grandsire than his elder brother, held the other corner of the pall; while the two further ends of it were held respectively by the dancing curate of yore, now a ruddy-complexioned, fat old gentleman, bordering close upon eighty, and active yet, spite of his age and obesity, and the eldest of Peter Hartop's sons, nephew by the whole blood to Roger, and a faithful counterpart of that 'poor old fellow.'

After the body there walked, clad in black mourning hoods, four daughters of the old squire, two and two. The precedence was taken by the two oldest of them, Mrs. Cicely Holland and Mrs. Grace Brown—Cicely and Grace, the two gay, sprightly little girls of old, who had walked on the walls of York with their aged father, when Madam Henry had arrived so unexpectedly, and so unwished for, to take possession of his house—they were both aged now, verging upon seventy, and each had many children and grandchildren. Behind these two ladies walked the vicar's wife, the old squire's youngest and best beloved child, whom, to the last

days of his life, he persisted in calling 'Baby,' and alongside the latter was a maiden lady, turned sixty, the youngest sister of Cicely and Grace.

And so followed the mourners, two and two, those nearest the coffin being, for the greater part, old, and many of them infirm, for their places in the procession were marshalled according to their proximity of relationship to the deceased, whilst the rear was brought up by the more remote descendants, blooming lads and lasses, great-great-grandsons and daughters, some of them, of the squire. All walked arm in arm, and each carried a sprig of rosemary, or boxwood, or yew, in his or her hand.

Had the jovial fox-hunting Squire Fanshawe lived to witness this long procession of mourners, many of whom bore a strong likeness to their aged progenitor, he would again have rapped out an oath, and broached the opinion, which had been so offensive to his old friend, that he knew they were 'aw o' owd Jonathan's breed.'

Many were the whispered remarks of

the spectators, as the lengthy funeral procession passed slowly along. The Aldborough tailor, who, for twenty years past, had often been an inmate of the old squire's house, when working there for him or the male domestics, communicated various scraps of intelligence to the group of which he formed the centre.

'Eighty years, did'st say?' he exclaimed, in contemptuous tones, to a man who had just asserted that it must have been that length of time since the last squire of Hartop Park was buried. 'What art thinking o', man? Why, 'twill be more nor a hundred. But,' continued the tailor, looking sagaciously over his spectacles, 'Squire Jonathan will be the last squire, for the Park is to be sold, and aw the money divided; and a reet good plan, too, seeing as how his honour has left well-nigh going on to two hundred and fifty o' his own kith and kin behind him. Ay, you may believe me or no,' continued the loquacious tailor, seeing the incredulous look of his neighbour, 'but me and th' sexton were reckoning 'em up last neet, at th' Malt and Shovel, and to say nowt o'

his daughters and aw their childer, we counted more than two hundred great-grandchilder and great - great - grand-childer.'

'He was, indeed, like one of the patriarchs of old,' sighed an elderly dame, as she looked sorrowfully at the coffin just then being carried past.

'Why dost thee no' tak off thee hat, mon?' exclaimed an honest Yorkshireman standing by, as he jogged the elbow of a youth beside him, who, smitten with the Republican spirit, which had found its way across the Channel, from blood-stained, distracted France, kept his hat stuck defiantly over his brows. The youth, who was a mill-hand in Leeds, and belonged to one of the associations which had been formed in all the larger towns of Great Britain for the celebration of the French Revolution on the 14th of the next month of July, remaining obdurate, his neighbour repeated his request: 'Tak thee hat off, lad, 'twill keep aw bad spirits in good-humour.' The would-be Republican made no reply, but as the coffin passed close in front of him, he sidled his hat off,

his new political creed, it appeared, not being proof against superstitious fear.

Slowly the procession wound its way along under the shadow of the huge elms, and then past the little lodge, covered with honeysuckle, on to the high road, forming the summit of a hill just at that point. Below, in the valley, lay the old Roman town gilded with the bright radiance of a glorious June evening, its high pitched red-tiled roofs glowing like rubies in the sunlight, and a shimmer of gold on the fields and meadows. 'Twixt flowering hedge-rows, and under the shadow of grand old trees, they bore the last remains of the long-lived old squire to the church. They bore him into the sacred edifice where he had so often worshipped, and from thence out into the churchyard, for it had been his wish to rest in mother earth, where, as he would say, the dews of heaven would fall upon his grave, and green grass and leaves and flowers bedeck it. As many of the mourners as could, gathered around the grave, the conclusion of the solemn burial service was read, and

then the coffin of the old squire was lowered down into it.

The vicar then, in accordance with the old custom of the country, dropped his bough of rosemary on the coffin, and soon its dark outline was shrouded from view under a heap of sprigs of this sweet-scented plant, bedewed in many cases by the tears of the mourners, who had, like the vicar, complied with the beautiful old custom.

A solitary star gleamed out bright and radiant in the clear blue sky, and a thrush sang its sweet evening song amongst the branches of a tall willow hard by, and then slowly the mourners filed away, leaving in his quiet resting-place the last remains of the amiable and beneficent patriarch, Jonathan Hartop.

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NOTE.—'Jonathan Hartop died here (Aldborough) in 1791, aged one hundred and thirty-eight. His father and mother died in the Plague, in the house in the Minories in 1666, and he perfectly well recollected the Great Fire in London. He

was short in stature, had been married five times, and left seven children, twenty-six grand-children, seventy-four great-grand-children, and one hundred and forty great-great-grandchildren. He could read to the last without spectacles, and play at cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas Day, 1789, he walked nine miles to dine with one of his great-grand-children. He remembered Charles II., and once travelled from London to York with the facetious Killigrew. He ate but little, and his only beverage was milk. He enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of spirits. The third wife of this extraordinary man was an illegitimate daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who gave with her a portion amounting to about £500. He possessed a fine portrait of Cromwell, by Cooper, for which a Mr. Holland offered him £300, but was refused. Mr. Hartop lent the great Milton £50 soon after the Restoration, which the bard returned to him with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the *pride* of the poet was equal to his genius,

and he sent the money, with an angry letter, which was found amongst the curious possessions of this venerable old man.'*

* Hargrove's 'History of Knaresborough,' etc., 1832, p. 256.

THE END.

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